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CARDINAL DE ROHAN'S NECKLACE.

IN the account of the 'Dauphin' whose claims to royalty were discussed in our November number, allusion might have been made to the queenly robe displayed at his funeral, and said to have belonged to his unfortunate mother. However mythical its history, a simple newspaper paragraph has singularly connected the circumstance with the celebrated diamond necklace which so fatally involved the Queen, Marie Antoinette. It appears that law-suits in France may last as long as those of England's dreaded Court of Chancery, for in this very year 1858, the descendants of the jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, who owned the diamond necklace before its mysterious disappearance in 1785, when it was supposed to have become royal property, are suing the representatives of the De Rohan family for its value, the Cardinal De Rohan having received the casket from the hands of the jewellers, as we shall see.

In the last years of Marie Antoinette's reign, her growing dislike of etiquette caused her to withdraw as much as possible from the hollow pomp of the great palace of Versailles, and to seek in the seclusion of the little Trianon the happiness which society denied to a queen. The gardens of this pavilion were laid out in the English taste, differing totally from the aspect of the park which environed the vast palace, where the trees and parterres were as artificial as the life of Louis XIV. himself. At Trianon, a lake flooded part of the grounds, and on its banks was a little village, with cottages for the curate, the miller, the milk-maid, and a few others; and in this spot Marie Antoinette, robed simply in a white cambric dress, with a straw hat, amused herself for days together, fishing in the waters, visiting the cottages, seeing the cows milked, and sometimes herself assuming the guise of a dairy-maid. Her associates shared in her rural sports: the King's brothers, afterward Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth, played the parts of the miller and the farmer; M. De Polignac was the steward, and Cardinal De Rohan, before his disgrace, the

curate. All the while the foulest slanders were spread abroad in Paris regarding these innocent pastimes; and obscene anecdotes, songs, and pictures held the Queen up as a Messalina. Nothing contributed to undermine respect for her more than the intrigue of the diamond necklace, in which, beside the jewellers, the chief personages involved were: Marie Antoinette, the victim; Cardinal De Rohan, the dupe; Countess De Lamotte, the adventuress; Count Cagliostro, the prince of swindlers; and Mademoiselle Oliva, a beautiful wanton, who played the part of queen for one night. The whole plot was of singular ingenuity, and is by no means generally understood.

In the early part of her reign, Marie Antoinette, with a strong taste for dress, was especially fond of diamonds, and in 1774 had bought of Boehmer, the crown jeweller, stones to the value of three hundred and sixty thousand francs, which she paid out of her private funds. Some years later Boehmer and his partner Bassange, having constructed a superb necklace, probably intended for Madame Du Barry, and disappointed in the sale of it to her on account of the death of Louis the Fifteenth, became anxious to sell it to the Queen. It was wholly composed of stones of the largest size, and first water; and although valued at sixteen hundred thousand francs, was an unmarketable commodity, as very few even of the sovereigns of Europe could afford to buy it. Boehmer tried in vain to dispose of it at foreign courts, and at length importuned Marie Antoinette to relieve him of the glittering burthen, or permit him to drown himself in the Seine. The Queen, taking a common-sense view of the matter, told him to dispose of his necklace in parts, and that he was at perfect liberty to throw himself into the Seine or any other river in the kingdom. Though rebuffed, the jeweller persevered, and so annoyed the Queen, that she forbade him to name the matter to her again. The King was anxious that she should possess it, but she replied that her jewels were numerous and splendid enough already, adding, with the spirit of Maria Theresa, that France had greater need of ships of war than necklaces. This was really the sole connection she ever had with these jewels: they were never in her possession for a moment, except when the King sent them for her inspection; yet by the iniquity of the plot, it was made to appear that she had bought and secreted them.

The Countess De Lamotte, the *intriguante* who was at the bottom of all the mischief, was in very limited circumstances, although a descendant of the royal house of Valois, but with magic powers of deception managed in many instances to improve her fortunes by playing on the credulity of her victims. No greater dupe ever fell into her hands than Cardinal De Rohan, the grand almoner, and member of one of the most powerful families in France. He was a man of talent, but of credulous and immoral character, out of favor for years with Marie Antoinette, who would not even speak to him. His disgrace preyed on his spirits, and he once in a moment of confidence confessed to Madame De Lamotte,

who had gained great power over him, how ardently he longed for restoration to the regard of his Queen. This was sufficient to set Lamotte's busy brain at work, to build up at once a scheme of gigantic fraud, and finding each successive step successful, to obtain possession of the necklace, ruin Boehmer, dupe the Cardinal, and slander the Queen. Such a plot required accomplices as well as victims, for a single false step would cause inevitable ruin: one of these agents was her husband, and the other a companion of his, named Villette, who played the part of valet to the Queen.

In the first place Lamotte, whom Marie Antoinette did not know by sight, and who had never been granted an audience, persuaded the Cardinal that she was on terms of intimacy with the Queen, and had taken occasion to state his case to her royal mistress, who was moved to pity, and had finally told the Countess that he might address to her a justification of himself from the charges long since preferred against him. The enraptured prelate lost no time in composing an elaborate and respectful petition, which he handed to Lamotte, who in a few days returned to him a small sheet of gilt-edged paper, purporting to come from the Queen, her hand-writing being successfully forged, and the words running: 'I have read your letter; I am rejoiced to find you guiltless. At present I am not able to grant you the audience you desire. When circumstances permit, you shall be informed of it. Remain discreet.' This note, which the Cardinal never suspected to be false, as in truth he placed implicit confidence in a hundred others, filled him with joy, and so thankful was he to Lamotte, that in his infatuation he paid over to her, in various sums, one hundred and twenty thousand livres, supposing that all went to the Queen for purposes named in the forged correspondence carried on under her signature. The Countess became emboldened by success; she knew the history of the diamond necklace; that Boehmer was very anxious to dispose of it, as it locked up an immense amount of his money; that he had vainly offered it to the Queen; and that he would be ruined if it remained on his hands. She easily obtained a sight of it, and displayed much solicitude for the jeweller, who said that he would make any one a handsome present who could find for him a purchaser. Thus stimulated, she spoke to the Cardinal, her sufficient dupe already; made him believe that the Queen, unknown to Louis the Sixteenth, was bent upon having it, and would in short, set no bounds to the royal gratitude, could his Eminence only persuade the jewellers to let her have the necklace, and wait for some years in payment. It was to be a proof of Marie Antoinette's highest regard that this delicate commission was intrusted to the grand almoner, and in order to effect it, he was to receive an order written and signed by the Queen's own hand, which he need not give up until all the payments were made; that he should arrange with Boehmer regarding the instalments, the first of which was not to be paid for some time; that all the negotiations were to be in the Cardinal's name, and not in the Queen's, his sole warrant for proceeding being the secret billet, signed Marie Antoi-

nette de France. This style of signature should of itself have opened the eyes of the Cardinal, for it was never the custom for any daughter of the blood royal to attach 'de France' to their names; such an addition had been made only through the grossest ignorance, but still the prelate suspected nothing. About this time he also became more deeply involved through the agency of a sublime swindler, the self-styled Count Cagliostro.

This Prince of Mountebanks, whose real name was Joseph Balsamo, was born of obscure parentage at Palermo in 1743. He was a quack from his cradle. After committing various crimes, he set out upon his travels as one of supernatural powers, who had dealings with the devil; the means of curing all diseases; who knew the secrets of the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone, and who was equally ready to cast horoscopes, or palm himself off as the Wandering Jew. His journeys extended to Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, some of the Mediterranean Islands, and many of the European cities; and he was greatly aided in his knavery by his wife, Lorenza Feliciani, a Roman woman of extraordinary beauty, but who, profligate as she was lovely, sold her favors high. When he arrived in Strasburg, Cardinal De Rohan, who believed in his magic arts, and who had himself dipped into alchemy, wished to visit him. The wily charlatan sent for answer: 'If M. le Cardinal is sick, let him come to me and I will cure him; if he be well, he has no business with me, nor have I with him.' This only made De Rohan more eager for Cagliostro's friendship; it was gained in due time, the benighted ecclesiastic placing full faith in the impudent sorcerer, who, on being consulted regarding the important negotiation with the jewellers, performed his incantations in the prelate's palace, and gave, as a revelation from the spirit-world, that it was sure of success and worthy of the Prince.

Then did the Cardinal, beside himself with joy, enter with his whole soul into the scheme, and proceed to treat with Boehmer and Bassange for the necklace. Under the pledge of secrecy, he revealed to them that the Queen was the purchaser, and showed them the order, which they of course believed to be genuine, and therefore agreed to deliver the necklace into his hands on the first of February, 1785.

The day came, and it was determined by De Rohan and the Countess, that the diamonds should be intrusted by his Eminence to her keeping, when a messenger from the Queen should call for them; that the Cardinal should be concealed in a place whence he could see and identify the royal valet, to be sure that all was right in every step of the momentous proceeding. Of course the Cardinal had been led blindfold in the whole transaction; duped by continual forgeries in the Queen's name, and in which Madame De Lamotte was always spoken of in the strongest terms of affection and confidence. Now believing himself on the high road to greatness, the ensnared man repaired, with an attendant carrying the casket, to Lamotte's house in Versailles, at dusk on the first of February. Dismissing this person, he entered the presence of the

Countess, and placed in her hands the invaluable necklace. Very shortly, a messenger was announced, and his Eminence, to elude observation and yet see all that was passing, hid in a closet with a glass door. A man of respectful and official port, the pretended valet de chambre from Trianon, advanced with the words, 'De par la Reine.' (From the Queen.) Lamotte at once gave him the packet, on which he solemnly bowed and retired. It was the rascal Villette, who had forged all the royal letters, and from the moment the diamonds went into his hands, they were seen no more, neither by the Cardinal nor the jewellers. It is true, his Eminence recognized the fellow, for the indefatigable Countess had before contrived to bring him to the notice of the Cardinal, walking with her, as the Queen's valet, apparently from the direction of Trianon.

As the prince of the Church retired that night to dream of benefices unnumbered, and perchance of the papal tiara, Lamotte and her accomplices rejoiced at the success of their audacious villany. The necklace disappeared, none knew whither with certainty, but in all probability it was broken up, as M. De Lamotte was soon afterward in England, living extravagantly, betting at Newmarket races, and disposing of diamonds. Marie Antoinette slept innocent of the crime, and the lucky jewellers for a while breathed free again, a great weight having been lifted off their minds. They gave out that the necklace had been disposed of to the Grand Seignior for his favorite Sultana. Very soon, however, all the duped felt new fears; the Cardinal was tormented by the continued coldness of the Queen, who, in spite of her gratitude so warmly expressed in her letters, never even deigned to give him a look; and Boehmer, frequently at the palace, wondered that he never saw the necklace on her Majesty's person, when she had been so anxious to have it. New excuses and lies were forged as fast as wanted; but the Cardinal, half-mad with hope deferred, looked in terror for the thirtieth of July, when the first instalment of one hundred thousand crowns was due. It came at last, bringing only a note from her Majesty, and money to pay the interest on the instalment. The jewellers became frantic; Boehmer raved at the duplicity of the Queen, insisted on an audience, and at last had one, in which De Rohan's agency in the affair was fully revealed. The Queen, justly incensed against the Cardinal, denied with truth that she had ever had the necklace, while Boehmer, ruined by the loss of his diamonds, and believing the Queen guilty, demanded his money or threatened public exposure. He had before on several occasions spoken to her Majesty about diamonds, in such a manner, that she thought he must have lost his wits, at one time addressing her a petition begging her not to forget him. The fifteen hundred pounds to pay the interest above referred to, were borrowed by Lamotte, aided by Cagliostro, from St. James, an upstart financier, only too glad to render this service, and much more, to her Majesty, in hope of the *cordon rouge* for his reward. Of course,

he never received it, and lost his money, in spite of Cagliostro's philosopher's stone.

But the most villainous incident in this whole business, was the one in which the part of Marie Antoinette was played, at starry mid-night, in the park at Versailles, by Mademoiselle Gay d'Oliva. This woman, a wanton of the better class, who made her usual promenade in the Palais Royal, was beautiful, of noble figure, and in profile strikingly like the Queen. She had been often remarked by the Countess de Lamotte and her husband, and when at length it became indispensable to pacify the Cardinal by something more than a forged billet, Mademoiselle Oliva was prevailed upon by the Countess to personate the Queen in an interview with his Eminence, being told, however, that her Majesty consented to this, having some plan of amusement in it. Accordingly, conducted to Versailles, by M. De Lamotte, she inspected the place appointed for the meeting, the 'Bosquet de la Reine,' which is not far from the garden-front of the palace, and still shown to strangers. She was here made to rehearse her part, being told that seated in the midst of the grove, she would be accosted by a tall man in a blue riding-coat, with a large flapping hat, who would approach, kneel, and kiss her hand with the utmost respect, and that she was to say to him at once, 'I have but a moment to spare: I am satisfied with your conduct, and I shall speedily raise you to the pinnacle of favor,' at the same moment giving him a little box and a rose, and immediately afterward rise hastily at a noise approaching, saying hurriedly: 'Madame and Countess D'Artois are coming: we must part.' In like manner was the Cardinal drilled for the long-sought interview: her Majesty was to present him with a case containing her portrait and a rose. The night came, dark enough for that 'deed without a name,' and the punctual prelate, although the air was warm, stood shivering with impatience on the terrace of Versailles; the hour passed; the Cardinal despaired, when a woman in a black domino — appropriate livery for the Countess De Lamotte — came to him in haste, whispering: 'I have just left the Queen: every thing is unfavorable: she will not be able to give you so long an interview as she desired. Madame and the Countess D'Artois have proposed to walk with her. Hasten to the grove; she will leave her party, and in spite of the short interval she may obtain, will give you unequivocal proofs of her protection and good will.' The Cardinal in ecstasy hurries to the scene, which is enacted according to the plan. Gay d'Oliva pronouncing the words taught to her, hands to the prelate the box and the rose, saying: 'Vous savez ce que cela veut dire,' (You know what that means,) when instantly Madame De Lamotte approaching cries, 'On vient!' At the sound of coming feet, caused not by the royal sisters, but by M. De Lamotte and 'Villette of Rascaldom,' *her Majesty*, starting from the kneeling Cardinal, disappears in the thicket. He, with heart bursting with vexation, rejoins the Countess and the Baron De Planta, a subordinate agent,

inveighing against his cruel fate, at having broken up the delicious interview just as those musical words

‘CAME o’er his ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,’

and all his trials are at an end, as he lifts to his lips the hand of a — *queen*.

On the arrest of the Cardinal at Versailles, he found an opportunity of dispatching a messenger with a note hastily scrawled to his secretary, the Abbe Georgel, who instantly committed to the flames the whole mass of correspondence relative to the intrigue, so that, at this day, much regarding it is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. The parties implicated went to the Bastille, were tried soon afterward, and the Countess and Villette only punished. The Cardinal, Cagliostro, and Mademoiselle d’Oliva were discharged, his Eminence being acquitted of all suspicion; Villette was banished the kingdom for life; Lamotte condemned to the galleys for life, but as he was in England, the sentence was void. His wife was condemned to be whipped, branded on both shoulders with the letter V for *Voleuse*, (thief,) and shut up in L’Hôpital for the rest of her days. The sentence was carried out, except that she made her escape from the hospital after a confinement of ten months, and subsequently lost her life by falling from the upper story of a building to the ground; or, according to some accounts, being thrown from it by violent hands. The result of the trial was regarded by the royal family, the court, and, in short, by every one, as a censure upon the Queen, while thousands believed her really guilty, in having obtained possession of the necklace and secreting it.

Such is the story of the famous diamond necklace, whose fatal flash only recalled, but did not dissipate the gloom which shrouded the last years of Marie Antoinette, before her final degradation, when the common axe severed the neck in all the wide world alone worthy to wear those peerless gems. What a commentary on human grandeur and its fall was that scrawled by the brutish grave-digger, in his bill rendered to the revolutionary authorities: ‘For the coffin of the Widow Capet, *seven francs*.’

I WANDERED by a river,
And met a lady fair,
And she was busy bathing,
Behind her veils of hair.

‘If I should buy, fair lady,
Your tresses long and rare,
What were the price?’ She answered:
‘A pearl for every hair!’

KIRJALI, THE BANDIT OF THE CARPATHIANS.

'ARE there no robbers, no Wallach *hyduks* among the Carpathians, like Basil and Bujor of the last generation?' I inquired of my companion Jian Bibesco, as we were being whirled by carutza from Bukarest to Silistria.

'Few since the breaking out of the Greek revolution,' he replied: 'they thrive better among the Balkans. But I can relate an adventure with one who for years was the terror of the Principalities; who was more famous than either of the names you have mentioned.'

'Let me hear the story.'

'Many years ago,' began Bibesco, 'I was travelling among the Plaiul Hotilor (the home of the Goths) in the northern part of Wallachia. There were two of us. While threading a deep mountain gorge, all at once we heard near us the sharp report of a gun, which in laconic Pandour style means—halt! We stopped. Seven men emerged from the dark thicket near at hand, and ran up to us. They were armed to the teeth, richly clothed in Albanian costumes, and with faces so concealed by the folds of full silk turbans, that their eyes only could be seen.

'Halt there? *techokoi*,' (dogs,) cried the chief, who alone was uncovered: 'whither do you journey?'

'To Campina.'

'Have you any arms or powder?' and without waiting for an answer he ordered us to dismount.

'My companion drew a pistol; but he had hardly touched the ground, when the chief leaped upon him like a tiger, wrested the weapon from his hand, and brought him to the ground with a blow of the breech. I thought him dead.'

'Here is the powder.'

'He snatched it from my hand, and then in a more familiar tone asked: 'How much money have you in specie?'

'Thirty ducats.'

'We will divide.'

'I gave him the purse. You will see that our mountain klepht was more generous than Basil, who let his victim pass by, in order to attack him from behind, and make himself drunk with blood; braver and nobler than that superstitious fanatic, Bujor, who used to pray in a church on Sunday and pillage it on Monday, who would not eat meat on Tuesday for an empire, but would have assassinated you the day following for a pipe of tobacco.'

'There are nine of us,' said the chief: 'four times seven make twenty-eight;' and opening the purse, he took from it two ducats and handed them to me, saying: 'That is enough for two such *coconasi* (timid females) to reach Campina. Remount, and go in peace! you have nothing to fear—I am Kirjali!'

'Did that happen in the open day?' I inquired.

'In the open day — in the very face of the sun. Kirjali was as brave as his yataghan, and would have blushed to use the night.'

'He reminds me,' said I, of the mountain brigands of Anatolia, who, notwithstanding their nefarious profession, practise the motto that 'Honesty is the best policy.' They secrete themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains, and watching an opportunity, make prisoners of persons who can command a heavy ransom. Not long ago, in the very street of a city, they seized upon the son of a wealthy merchant and hurried him away with impunity. Word was sent to the father that his child would be delivered up in a certain place for twenty thousand piastres, but if not ransomed at a given date, they might have his head. The distressed parent, hoping that something would intervene, delayed sending the money until a few hours after the stipulated time. It was too late. The bandits were true to their word. The bloody head was sent back together with the bags of piastres.

'But the story of Kirjali — let me hear the story of his life,' and we charged our long chibouques once more with fragrant latahiah, once more married it with the aromatic nectar of Mocha.

'Kirjali was an Albanian,' resumed my companion. 'His real name is unknown; the Turks call him Kirjali, which signifies the *brave*, and you will see how well he merited the appellation. He is the Mandarin and Jack Sheppard of the Moldo-Wallachs. There is not a Roumanian maiden but sings his gallant deeds; not a peasant on the plains or among the mountains who does not recite his daring exploits by the winter fire. The Russian poets and painters have celebrated the curious episodes of his history, and both Pousckhine and Vaillant have given to the world many of the circumstances which I am about to relate.

'Kirjali was five-and-twenty years of age when a strange adventure threw him this side the Danube. The *kékaya* of the village violated his wife. That is a crime which the injured man no where pardons, and least of all, in Turkey. Kirjali resolves to be revenged. At the news of his dishonor, he relates it to his assembled associates, and, while he moves them to pity, leads them to fear the repetition of his wrongs upon themselves. With him they repair to the dwelling of the *kékaya*. At the noise of the crowd collected in the court-yard, the latter steps out upon the balcony; but quick as lightning, before he has time to ask the cause of their presence, Kirjali stands before him with menacing gestures, foaming mouth, and eyes burning with rage.

'Wretch!' cries the injured man, 'ask pardon of this multitude.'

'The *kékaya*, with true Mussulman hauteur, responds only with a smile of contempt.

'Demand pardon!' again cries the infuriated Kirjali.

'Away, Giaour!' rejoins the *kékaya*, gnashing his teeth in rage, and bringing his hand to the hilt of his handjar.

'Giaour!' reiterates Kirjali with fury. 'Giaour! Yes, Oghlan Ali, thou base slave!' and he throws himself upon the *kékaya*.

‘Pardon, Oghlan Ali! ask pardon of this multitude, by CHRIST! by Allah! Thou wilt not? Yet once — no? accursed be thou!’ Inclining over the balcony, he cried to the multitude below: ‘Christians! make place for this brute.’ The crowd draws back. He exerts all his strength. ‘Beware of the stone!’ shouts he, and a hoarse groan is heard below. The blood flows, the *kékaya* expires, and the crowd disperses, saying coldly: ‘The dog of a Moslem is dead.’ Kirjali has taken flight, carrying with him only his implacable enmity to the Turks.

‘Arrived in Wallachia, he enters the service of the Boyard Dudesco, and makes the acquaintance of Svedko, the Servian, and also of Mikalaké. The tall stature of Svedko, the robust and trained body of the Moldavian, and the audacious bravery of both, mark them as proper men for Kirjali. He gains their friendship, and inspires them with his own hatred of the Moslems. When he thinks them weaned from the domestic life which is so repugnant to himself, and comes to regard them as men after his own heart, he communicates his projects, organizes a band of robbers, and makes the two brigands his aids.

‘At that time, the Phanariot Greeks were in possession of most of the resources of the Principalities which were farmed out to them by the Turks. The latter regarded themselves as masters of the soil. Mussulmans with well-filled girdles were to be met every where, in the khans of the cities, in the caravanserais, and upon the grand routes, even to the defiles of the Carpathians. The Wallachs were but little removed from slaves, and Kirjali found thousands of opportunities to satisfy his vengeance upon their cruel Turkish masters. For three years he enriched himself with their plunder alone. Many a wealthy merchant, who had journeyed into Moldavia to purchase its famous wax, and honey, and *tassao*, never revisited his kindred; many a wife and daughter wept in the Turkish harems in vain for a wished return. The name of Kirjali became terrible on both banks of the Danube.

‘Among other exploits, he crossed over into Bulgaria, and assisted by Mikalaké alone, attacked a large village. Kirjali entered many of the houses and set them on fire, cutting down without pity whosoever resisted, while his lieutenant was occupied in collecting and guarding the booty. They retired without molestation. Nor did Kirjali always spare the Christians. Thus with a band of three hundred Pandours, he went from one principality to the other, levying contributions upon villages, pillaging the mansions of wealthy Boyards, and scattering fire and carnage until 1821, when Alexander Ypsilanti incited a general insurrection in Wallachia and Moldavia. Influenced on the one hand by the *hetarie*, that vast association organized for the liberation of Greece, and on the other by the eloquent appeals of Theodore Vladimiresco to the Daco-Romans, he resolved from a *hyduk* to become a hero in the cause of the Greeks — from a brigand to become an Albanian prince. Assembling his companions, he addresses them in these words:

‘Brothers! for four years we have shared the same dangers and the same joys. If you are satisfied with your brother, he is satisfied with you. But the moment is come when I must leave you, if you prefer not to follow me, for the hour of independence has sounded for the Christians of Turkey. Ypsilanti is at Burlata; he is marching upon Foschana. Theodore Vladimiresco is at Crajova, and will soon attack Bukarest. Choose for yourselves: you are free. He who loves me will be with me.’

‘At these words, Mikalaké and three-fourths of the band ranged themselves around their chief; the remainder placed themselves behind Svedko.

‘Adieu, comrade,’ said Kirjali to the latter; ‘but let us always be brothers.’

‘The next morning beheld our new Scanderbeg on a Persian carpet, smoking and sipping coffee, *à la Turquie*, in the tent of Ypsilanti.

‘Kirjali was to the last a faithful partisan of the Hetarists.

‘But neither he, nor the chiefs under whom he fought, had a just comprehension of the movement in which they were engaged. Their forces were insufficient. Material resources were wanting, while the Turks were well organized and prepared for the emergency. The neighboring powers also looked upon this premature uprising of the Hellenists and Hetarists with apathy and indifference. Ypsilanti found himself unequal to the crisis. Having quickly become master of the greater part of the country, and even of Bukarest, he lost precious time in irresolution and vain parades, and when at last forced to engage with the Turks in earnest, the flower of his army perished, while the chief himself fled to Austria. Kirjali fought like a lion at Dragaschan. Ten Osmanlis, they say, fell under his yataghan. With Mikalaké and a few others, he escaped the massacre of the sacred battalion. The cause of the Hetarists was lost in Wallachia, and the insurrection completely suppressed.

‘The remnant of the revolutionists, who had escaped into Moldavia, seven hundred in all, made a last stand on the Pruth, opposite the small Russian town of Skoulianzy. Their leader, Cantacuzène, ran away as soon as the Turkish army of twelve thousand men made its appearance. Kirjali, Contoguni, Safionos, and the other brave men who composed this little army, had, however, no need of a chief in order to do their duty. While the first kept the enemy at bay by means of two small field-pieces, carried from Jassy, Contoguni by a skilful manœuvre attacked them in the rear. Overwhelmed by numbers, the leader perished, and three hundred of his brave followers with him. Kirjali and his band soon exhausted their supply of shot, but loading with broken arms, sword-points, and spear-heads, still kept up a fire upon the Turks.

‘The latter were well supplied with artillery, but abstained almost entirely from using it, for fear that their projectiles would fly across the Pruth and implant themselves in Russian soil. A few balls, however, did whistle near the ears of the Commandant of Skoulianzy, when, greatly enraged, he addressed a violent ex-

postulation to the Turkish Pacha, who turned pale at this violation of Russian territory, and was careful not to commit a second offence. Kirjali's band, having fired away their silver ornaments, their short daggers, and even the few pieces of money in their pockets, were forced to give way. Nothing remained to them but their pistols and yataghans.

'Let him save himself who can,' cried Kirjali, when the survivors plunged into the river, and twenty of them succeeded in reaching the opposite bank. There they embraced each other like brothers, and fled to the Russian town of Kissénief. Kirjali and Mikalaké were among the survivors.

'After his escape from the Turks on the Pruth, he lived for some time *incognito* at Kissénief. He and his companions spent their days in the coffee-houses, smoking long pipes and entertaining each other with long stories of adventure. They wore their old Albanian costume with girdles glittering with pistols and yataghans, and though apparently poor, bore themselves as proudly as in the days of their prosperity. It came to be whispered that Kirjali was among them.

'The party assembled one evening at a coffee-house, and were disputing with warmth about the flight of Ypsilanti and the death of Vladimiresco, when Kirjali rose, and bringing his hand to his yataghan, exclaimed: 'Accursed be the assassin of Theodore Vladimiresco!' An hour after he was arrested by a dozen Cossacks, and carried before the governor of the town. He knew not what awaited him, but thinking that he had merited well of Russia, supposed that the reputation of his bravery had reached the ears of the Emperor, and that he was now about to be presented with a decoration or a sword of honor.'

'Fortunate man!' I interrupted.

'Wait a moment!' replied my companion.

'Kirjali was brought into the presence of the governor.

'You are a brigand!' said the latter, sternly eyeing the prisoner. The chief was stupefied, and for an instant lost all courage, but recovering himself, replied: 'I fought after the flight of Ypsilanti, and emptied my pockets to pay the Turks in the battle on the Pruth.'

'Then you are Kirjali?' continued the governor.

'Himself!' answered the chief. 'God knows I am Kirjali.'

'Enough! the Pacha of Yassy claims you. According to the conventions between the Turks and ourselves, you must be given up.'

'Kirjali threw himself at the feet of the governor. The lion-hearted man trembled, and wept like a woman. 'Mercy! mercy!' cried he. 'In Turkey it is true I was a brigand, but my hand fell only upon the Turks and the Boyards. God is my witness, that while I have been a refugee in your midst, I have harmed no one. I gave my last pieces of silver to charge our cannon in the affair of the Pruth. Since then I have not had a para. I, Kirjali, have lived upon alms! What have I done that Russia should sell me to my enemies?'

'In vain that he sought to touch the stony heart of the Governor.

'You must explain with the Pacha,' said the latter, and an order was immediately issued for the extradition of Kirjali to Yassy. Loaded with chains, and thrown upon a *kibitka*, he was escorted to the frontier, and there handed over to the Turks. Mikalaké was near him.

'Brought before the Pacha, Kirjali expected nothing but death. 'Save my wife and child,' said he; 'for myself, I have nothing to ask.'

'He was condemned to be impaled, but it being then the fast of the Ramazan, his execution was deferred a few days. A guard of seven Turks conducted him to prison, still loaded with chains, with orders to watch him closely, even in his cell. All resistance was impossible. A brave chief, Kirjali was also a strategist of consummate skill. He was humble—so mild and compliant that the pride of his guardians was flattered. He understood their weakness, and acted his part so skilfully that the very first day they looked upon him with a degree of compassion unusual to their ferocious natures. The second day they spoke with him, and the exploits of the bandit inspired in them an involuntary respect. The third day, with the naïf curiosity peculiar to the Orientals, they listened eagerly to the recital of his numerous adventures. The fourth, an intimacy sprung up between them. The fifth, they were his friends: and the sixth day, without intending it, they were —'

'His liberators?' I eagerly demanded.

'You shall see,' replied my companion.

'Seated in a circle round him, on the evening of the sixth day, they listened as he spoke to them of his approaching death. His voice flattered, his eyes caressed them. He saw that they were moved.

'The will of God be done!' said he. 'No one can escape his destiny. My hour is near; but before I die I would like to give you some testimonial of my regard.'

'The Turks opened their eyes with attention.

'When about three years ago I was brigandizing with Mikalaké (may God give peace to his soul!) I buried my money here and there: at Scaunu-hotilor, in Wallachia, in Moldavia —'

'Where? where in Moldavia?' eagerly demanded Aslan, the chief of the Mussulman guard.

'At Vulcanu.'

'Far away?'

'Among the mountains.'

'In which direction?'

'At the foot of Ciciu.'

'*Pekee! ben Pekee!*' (good! very good!) rejoined the Turks.

'But here,' continued Kirjali, 'near by, only a league from Yassy, behind the monastery of Cetatue, in an open place, twenty

paces from a rock which resembles a mastiff that has lain down to guard the pistols of his master——’

‘*Ev-Allah!*’ exclaimed the Turks.

‘There, twenty paces from that rock, we buried a jar full of gold ducats. It is fated that I shall not enjoy them. Find them; they are yours.’

‘At these words the Mussulmans could hardly moderate their expressions of delight. Aslan alone was suspicious.

‘Is Kirjali a traitor or a brave man?’ asked he.

‘Brave! brave!’ responded his companions; ‘brave is Kirjali!’

‘If he should conduct us to the place?’ said Aslan.

‘Why not?’ replied the six others.

‘That would compromise you,’ interrupted Kirjali; ‘I have given you the locality; you can easily find the treasure.’

‘Why compromise us?’ they all inquired. ‘There is no danger. The night favors us. You shall be our guide; and if you are not a brave man—there are seven of us.’

‘At mid-night they took off his chains, tied his hands firmly behind his back, and placing him in their midst, left the prison without being perceived.

‘Now Kirjali leads them. He traverses the city; descends by Tàtâras; passes before the convent of Formosa, ascends the woody escarpment of the monastery of Cetatue, and stops a moment to take breath and orient himself. He is in excellent spirits, overflowing with that modest joy that accompanies a good action, and speaks not, except to testify his pleasure at being useful to his companions.

‘Shall we soon be there?’ demands Aslan.

‘Soon,’ replies Kirjali, ‘a hundred paces further and—if I do not enter the paradise of the Christians, pray Mohammed to open for me his own.’

‘They advance: a slight rustling is heard, and a dark shadow glides stealthily through the underwood. Kirjali, with the ear of a rat and the eyes of a lynx, has seen, heard, and understood. But when Aslan, turning toward him, asks: ‘Hast thou seen any thing?’

‘Why then,’ responds he—‘only a hare or a partridge startled by our approach’—and to turn away all suspicion, adds: ‘To the right a little: let us leave the woods.’

‘Advancing a few rods further among the scattered mounds, he stops short by a rock rising about two feet above the ground, looks around for a moment, and then says to his guardians: ‘Measure twenty paces in this direction, and dig.’

‘Five of the Turks draw their yataghans and begin to remove the earth with them, while the two others guard the prisoner seated on the stone. They dig some time in silence, and, to work with more ease, take off their turbans, detach their girdles, and lay their pistols on the ground. Kirjali watches them. ‘Not yet? Not yet come to it?’ cries he, after they have worked away fifteen

minutes. 'Not yet. Allah help us!' respond the Ottomans, the perspiration dropping from their faces.

'Courage; you will soon reach the gold,' and to the two others he says playfully, in a low voice: 'Let them work; they will think all the more of me for it. But I am afraid they have not selected the precise spot.'

'Comrades!' cries one of the guards, 'dig more to the right. You will never find it; let Kirjali assist you.'

'Let him assist us,' responds Aslan, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Kirjali is brought to the spot. Aslan unbinds him, and places a yataghan in his hand. The two guards also lay aside their pistols, and all fall eagerly to work. Kirjali digs with all his might, now and then ceasing for a moment to stimulate the avidity of the Mussulmans with a word of encouragement. At his example the latter take courage: the thirst of gold renews their strength: they dig — dig with eager impatience.

'I have it!' at last cries Kirjali: 'here it is! here it is!'

At these words the Turks throw aside their yataghans and fall to work with their hands in impatient haste to uncover the treasure.

Kirjali rises up with a groan of fatigue, and quicker than lightning plunges his yataghan into one of the prostrate Turks. Leaving the steel in the wound, he snatches up two of the pistols, shouts in a voice of thunder: 'Slaves! here is my gold! and buries their contents in two of his guards.

'Kirjali!' speaks a voice near by.

'Mikalaké!' responds Kirjali — and the four remaining Turks save themselves by flight.

Masters of the field, Kirjali and Mikalaké embrace each other as brothers.

'My wife and my son?' asked Kirjali.

'They are saved, and in a secure retreat.'

'*Mashallah!* I have wept for them: God is merciful!'

Thus reunited, and having nothing to hope for from the Turks, Kirjali and Mikalaké continued for a long time their depredations in the vicinity of Yassy. They even pushed their audacity so far as to threaten to burn the city unless the Hospodar, Jian Stourd'a, should remit the sum of fifty thousand piastres within a week. The money was paid. But fortune ceased to favor Kirjali. Betrayed by one of his own men, and surprised while asleep, he sold his life as dearly as possible in defending himself and Mikalaké.

Generous and heroic man, he deserved a better life and a better fate, yet doubtless esteemed it fortunate to die with his arms in his hands rather than to be strangled or gibbeted.

'On the twentieth of September, 1824,' said Bibesco, 'two bodies, covered with wounds, swung from the gallows of the Meidan of Capo. They were those of Kirjali and Mikalaké, but the former was hung many hours after life had departed. You have the story of Kirjali.'

R I C H T H O U G H P O O R .

No rood of land in all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
Nor treasures rare, nor gems, nor gold,
Do any keep for me :
As yesterday I wrought for bread,
So must I toil to-day ;
Yet some are not so rich as I,
Nor I so poor as they.

On yonder tree the sun-light falls,
The robin 's on the bough,
Still I can hear a merrier note
Than he is warbling now :
He 's but an Arab of the sky,
And never lingers long ;
But *that* o'erruns the livelong year
With music and with song.

Come, gather round me, little ones,
And as I sit me down,
With shouts of laughter on me place
A mimic regal crown :
Say, childless King, would I accept
Your armies and domain,
Or e'en your crown, and never feel
These tiny hands again ?

There 's more of honor in their touch
And blessing unto me,
Than kingdom unto kingdom joined,
Or navies on the sea :
So greater gifts to me are brought
Than Sheba's Queen did bring
To him, who at Jerusalem
Was *born* to be a King.

Look at my crown and then at yours ;
Look in my heart and thine :
How do our jewels now compare —
The earthly and divine ?
Hold up your diamonds to the light,
Emerald and amethyst ;
They 're nothing to those love-lit eyes,
These lips so often kissed !

Oh ! noblest Roman of them all,
That mother good and wise,
Who pointed to her little ones,
The jewels of her eyes.

Four sparkle in my own to-day,
 Two deck a sinless brow :
 How grow my riches at the thought
 Of those in glory now !

And yet no rood of all the earth,
 No ships upon the sea,
 Nor treasures rare, nor gold, nor gems
 Are safely kept for me :
 Yet I am rich — myself a King !
 And here is my domain :
 Which only God shall take away
 To give me back again !

T H E S E T O F T U R Q U O I S E

A D R A M A T I C S K E T C H .

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ .

COUNT OF LARA, *A poor nobleman.*
 BEATRICE, *His wife.*
 FLORIAN, } *Her dressing-maids.*
 JACINTA, }
 A PAGE, *for the occasion.*

The scene is laid in the vicinity of Mantova.

Scene I.—Count of Lara's villa near Mantova. A balcony overlooking the garden. Moon-light. Lara and Beatrice.

LARA.

THE third moon of our marriage, Beatrice !
 It hangs i' the heaven, ripe and ready to drop,
 Like a great golden orange —

BEATRICE.

Excellent !
 Breathe not the priceless simile abroad,
 Or all the poetlings in Mantova
 Will cut the rind of 't ! Like an orange ? yes,
 But not so red, Count. Then it hath no stem,
 And ripened out of nothing.

LARA.

Critical !
 Make thou a neater posy for the moon.

BEATRICE.

Now, as 't is hidden by those drifts of cloud,
With one thin edge just glimmering through the dark,
'T is like some strange, rich jewel of the east,
I' the cleft side of a mountain.

LARA.

Not unlike !

BEATRICE.

And that reminds me — speaking of jewels — love,
There is a set of turquoise at Malan's,
Ear-drops and bracelets and a necklace — ah !
If they were mine !]

LARA.

And so they should be, dear,
Were I Aladdin, and had slaves o' the lamp
To fetch me ingots. Why, then, Beatrice,
All Persia's turquoise-quarries should be yours
Although your hand is heavy now with gems
That tear my lips when I would kiss its whiteness.
Oh ! so you pout ! Why make that full-blown rose
Into a bud again ?

BEATRICE.

You love me not.

LARA.

A coquette's song.

BEATRICE.

I sing it.

LARA.

A poor song.

BEATRICE.

You love me not, or love me over-much,
Which makes you jealous of the gems I wear !
You do not deck me as becomes our state,
For fear my grandeur should besiege the eyes
Of Monte, Clari, Marcus, and the rest —
A precious set ! You're jealous, Sir !

LARA.

Not I.
I love you.

BEATRICE.

Why, that is as easy said
As any three short words ; takes no more breath
To say, 'I hate you.' What, Sir, have I lived

Three times four weeks your wedded loyal wife,
And do not know your follies! I will wager
(If I could trap my darling into this!) [Aside.
The sweetest kisses I know how to give
Against the turquoise, that within a month
You 'll grow so jealous — and without a cause,
Or with a reason thin as window-glass —
That you will ache to kill me!

LARA.

Will you so?
And I — let us clasp hands and kiss on it.

BEATRICE.

Clasp hands, Sir Trustful; but not kiss — nay, nay!
I will not pay my forfeit till I lose.

LARA.

And I 'll not lose the forfeit.

BEATRICE.

We shall see.

BEATRICE enters the house singing:

There was an old earl and he wed a young wife,
Heigh ho, the bonny.
And he was as jealous as Death is of Life,
Heigh ho, the nonny!
Kings saw her, and sighed;
And wan lovers died,
But no one could win the bright honey
That lay on the lips of the bonny
Young bride,
Until Cupid, the rover, a-hearting would go,
Then — heigh ho! [Exit.

LARA.

She hath as many fancies as the wind
Which now, like slumber, lies 'mong spicy isles,
Then suddenly blows white furrows in the sea!
Lovely and dangerous is my leopardess.
To-day, low-lying at my feet; to-morrow,
With great eyes flashing, threatening doleful death —
With strokes like velvet! She 's no common clay,
But fire and dew and marble. I 'll not throw
So rare a wonder in the lap o' the world!
Jealous! I am not jealous — though they say
Some sorts of love breed jealousy. And yet,
I would I had not wagered. It implies
Doubt. If I doubted? Pshaw! I 'll walk awhile
And let the cool air fan me. [Paces the balcony.

'T was not wise.
 It's only Folly with its cap and bells
 Can jest with sad things. She seemed earnest, too.
 What if, to pique me, she should over-step
 The pale of modesty, and give sweet eyes
 (I could not bear that, nay, not even that!)
 To Marc or Claudian? Why, such things have been
 And no sin dreamed of. I will watch her close.
 There, now, I wrong her. She is wild enough,
 Playing the empress in her honeymoons:
 But untamed falcons will not wear the hood
 Nor sit on the wrist, at bidding. Yet if she,
 To win the turquoise of me, if she should —
 Oh! curséd jewels! would that they were hung
 About the glistening neck of some mermaid
 A thousand fathoms underneath the sea!

Scene II—A garden: the villa seen in the back-ground. Lara stretched on the grass with a copy of Boccaccio's 'Decameron' in his hand. Sun-set.

LARA. [*Closing the book.*

A book for sun-set — if for any time.
 Right spicy tongues and pleasant wit had they,
 The merry Ladies of Boccaccio!
 What tales they told of love-in-idleness,
 (Love old as earth, and yet forever new!)
 Of monks who worshipped Venus — not in vain;
 Of unsuspecting husbands, and gay dames
 Who held their vows but lightly — by my faith,
 Too much of the latter! 'T is a sweet, bad book.
 I would not have my sister or my wife
 Caught by its cunning. In its golden words
 Sin is so draped with beauty, speaks so fair,
 That naught seems wrong but virtue! Yet, for all,
 It is a sprightly volume, and kills care.
 I need such sweet physicians. I have grown
 Sick in the mind — at swords' points with myself.
 I am mine own worst enemy!
 And wherefore? wherefore? Beatrice is kind,
 Less fanciful, and loves me, I would swear,
 Albeit she will not kiss me till the month
 Which ends our foolish wager shall have passed.
 An hundred years, and not a single kiss
 To sweeten time with! What a freakish dame!

A Page crosses the garden.

That page again! 'T is twice within the week
 That slender-waisted, pretty-ankled knave
 Has crossed my garden at this self-same hour,

Trolling a canzonetta with an air
 As if he owned the villa. Why the fop!
 He might have doffed his bonnet as he passed.
 I'll teach him better if he comes again.
 What does he at the villa? Oh! perchance
 He comes in the evening when his master's out,
 To lisp soft romance in the ready ear
 Of Beatrice's dressing-maid; but then
 She *has* one lover. Now I think she's two:
 This gaudy popinjay would make the third,
 And that's too many for an honest girl!
 If he's not Florian's, he's Jacinta's, then!
 I'll ask the Countess — no, I'll not do that;
 She'd laugh at me, and vow by the Madonna
 This varlet was some noble in disguise,
 Seeking *her* favor. Then I'd crack his skull —
 That is, I would, were I a jealous man:
 But then I'm not. So he may come and go
 To Florian — or the devil! I'll not care.
 I would not build around my lemon-trees,
 Though every lemon were a sphere of gold,
 A lattice-fence, for fear the very birds
 Should sing, *You're jealous, you are jealous, Sir!*

Scene III.—A wooded road near the villa. The garden-gate seen on the left. Lara leaning against a tree. Evening.

LARA.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear
 As the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts,
 That work no harm, do terrify no more
 Than men in steel with bloody purposes.
 Death is not dreadful; 't is the dread of death —
 We die whene'er we think of it! [*Pauses.*

I'll not
 Be cozened longer. When the page comes out
 I'll stop him, question him, and know the truth.
 I cannot sit in the garden of a night
 But he glides by me in his jaunty dress,
 Like a fantastic phantom! — never looks
 To the right nor left, but passes gayly on,
 As if I were a statue. . . . Soft, he comes.
 I'll make him speak, or kill him; then, forsooth,
 It were unreasonable to ask it. Soh!
 I'll speak him gently at the first, and then —

The Page enters by a gate in the villa-garden, and walks carelessly past the Count.

Ho! pretty page, who owns you?

PAGE.

No one now.
I was the Signor Juan's, but am no more.

LARA.

What, then, you stole from him?

PAGE.

Oh! no, Sir, no.
He had so many intrigues on his hands,
There was no sleep for me nor night nor day.
Such carrying of love-favors and pink notes!
He's gone abroad now, to break other hearts,
And so I left him.

LARA. [*Aside.*

A frank knave.

PAGE.

To-night
I've done his latest bidding —

LARA.

As you should —

PAGE.

A duty wed with pleasure — 't was to take
A message to a countess all forlorn,
In yonder villa.

LARA. [*Aside.*

Why, the devil! that's mine!
A message to a Countess all forlorn?
[*To the Page.* In yonder villa?

PAGE.

Ay, Sir. You can see
The portico among the mulberries,
Just to the left, there.

LARA.

Ay, I see, I see.
A pretty villa. And the lady's name?

PAGE.

Ah! that's a secret which I cannot tell.

LARA. [*Catching him by the throat.*

No? but you shall, though, or I'll strangle you!
In my strong hands your slender neck would snap
Like a brittle pipe-stem.

PAGE.

You are choking me!
Oh! loose your grasp, Sir!

LARA.

Then the name! the name!

PAGE.

Countess of Lara.

LARA.

Not her dressing-maid?

PAGE.

Nay, nay, I said the mistress, not the maid.

LARA.

And then you lied. Oh! woful, woful Time! —
Tell me you lie, and I will make you rich,
I'll stuff your cap with ducats twice a year!

PAGE. [*Smiling.*

Well, then — I lie.

LARA.

Ay, now you lie, indeed!
I see it in the cunning of your eyes;
Night cannot hide the Satan leering there.
Only a little lingering fear of heaven
Holds me from dirking you between the ribs!
Wo! wo! [*Hides his face in his hands.*

PAGE. [*Aside.*

I would I were well out of this.

LARA. [*Abstractedly.*

Such thin divinity! So foul, so fair!

PAGE.

What would you have! I will say nothing, then.

LARA.

Say every thing, and end it! Here is gold.
You brought a billet to the Countess — well?
What said the billet?

PAGE.

Take away your hand,
And, by St. Mary, I will say it all.
There, now, I breathe. You will not harm me, Sir?
Stand six yards off, or I will not a word.
It seems the Countess promised Signor Juan
A set of turquoise —

LARA. [*Starting.*

Turquoise? Ha! that's well.

PAGE.

Just so — wherewith my master was to pay
Some gaming debts; but yester-night the cards

Tumbled a golden mountain at his feet ;
 And ere he sailed, this morning, Signor Juan
 Gave me a perfumed, amber-tinted note,
 For Countess Lara, which, with some adieux,
 Craved her remembrance morning, noon, and night ;
 Her prayers while gone, her smiles when he returned ;
 Then told his sudden fortune with the cards,
 And bade her keep the jewels. That is all.

LARA.

All ? Is that all ? 'T has only cracked my heart !
 A heart, I know, of little, little worth —
 An ill-cut ruby, scarred and scratched before,
 But now quite broken ! I have no heart, then.
 Men should not have, when they are wronged like this !
 Out of my sight, thou demon of bad news !
 O sip thy wine complacently to-night,
 Lie with thy mistress in a pleasant sleep,
 For thou hast done thy master (that's the Devil !)
 This day a goodly service : thou hast sown
 The seeds of lightning that shall scathe and kill ! [*Exit.*]

PAGE. [*Looking after him.*]

I did not think 't would work on him like that.
 How pale he grew ! Alack ! I fear some ill
 Will come of this. I'll to the Countess quick,
 And warn her of his madness. Faith, he foamed
 I' the mouth like Guido whom they hung last week
 (God rest him !) in the jail at Mantova,
 For killing poor Battista. Crime for crime ! [*Exit.*]

*Scene IV.—Beatrice's chamber. A Venetian screen on the right.
 As the scene opens, Jacinta places lamps on a standish, and re-
 tires to the back of the stage. Beatrice sits on a fauteuil in the
 attitude of listening.*

BEATRICE.

Hist ! that's his step. Jacinta, place the lights
 Farther away from me, and get thee gone. [*Exit* JACINTA.
 And Florian, child, keep you behind the screen,
 Breathing no louder than a lily does ;
 For if you stir or laugh 't will ruin all.

FLORIAN. [*Behind the screen.*]

Laugh ! I am faint with terror.

BEATRICE.

Then be still.
 Move not for worlds until I touch the bell,
 Then do the thing I told you. Hush ! his step
 Sounds in the corridor, and I'm asleep !

Lara enters with his dress in disorder. He approaches within a few yards of Beatrice, pauses, and looks at her.

LARA.

Asleep! — and Guilt can slumber! Guilt can lie
Down-lidded and soft-breathed, like Innocence!
Hath dreams as sweet as childhood's — who can tell? —
And paradisaal prophecies in sleep,
Its foul heart keeping measure, as it were,
To the silver music of a mandoline!
Were I an artist, and did wish to paint
A devil to perfection, I'd not limn
A hornéd monster, with a leprous skin,
Red-hot from Pandemonium — not I.
But with my delicatest tints, I'd paint
A Woman in the splendor of her youth,
All garmented with loveliness and mystery!
She should be sleeping in a room like this,
With Angelos and Titians on the walls,
The grand old masters staring grandly down,
Draped round with folds of damask; in the alcoves,
Statues of Bacchus and Endymion,
And Venus's blind love-child: a globed lamp
Gilding the heavy darkness, while the odors
Of myriad hyacinths should seem to break
Upon her ivory bosom as she slept:
And by her side, (as I by Beatrice,)
Her injured lord should stand and look at her! [*Pauses.*
How fair she is! Her beauty glides between
Me and my purpose, like a pleading angel.
Beauty — alack! 't is that which wrecks us all;
'T is that we live for, die for, and are damned.
A pretty ankle and a laughing lip —
They cost us Eden when the world was new,
They cheat us out of heaven every day!
To-night they win another Soul for you,
Master of Darkness! [*Beatrice sighs.*
Her dream's broke, like a bubble, in a sigh.
She'll waken soon, and that — that must not be!
I could not kill her if she looked at me.
I loved her, loved her, by the Saints, I did —
I trust she prayed before she fell asleep!
[*Unsheaths a dagger.*

BEATRICE. [*Springing up.*

So, you are come — your dagger in your hand?
Your lips compressed and blanchéd, and your hair
Tumbled wildly all about your eyes,
Like a river-god's? Oh! love, you frighten me!
And you are trembling. Tell me what this means!

LARA.

Oh! nothing, nothing: I did think to write
A note to Juan, to Signor Juan, my friend,
(Your cousin and my honorable friend;)
But finding neither ink nor paper here,
Methought to scratch it with my dagger's point
Upon your bosom, Madam! That is all.

BEATRICE.

You've lost your senses!

LARA.

Madam, no: I've found 'em!

BEATRICE.

Then lose them quickly, and be what you were.

LARA.

I was a fool, a dupe — a happy dupe.
You should have kept me in my ignorance;
For wisdom makes us wretched, king and clown.
Countess of Lara, you are false to me!

BEATRICE.

Now, by the Saints —

LARA.

Now, by the Saints, you are!

BEATRICE.

Upon my honor —

LARA.

On your honor? fye!
Swear by the ocean's feathery froth, for that
Is not so light a substance.

BEATRICE.

Hear me, love!

LARA.

Lie to that marble Io! I am sick
To the heart with lying.

BEATRICE.

You've the ear-ache, Sir,
Got with too much believing.

LARA.

Beatrice,
I came to kill you.

BEATRICE.

Kiss me, Count, you mean!

LARA. [*Approaching her.*

If killing you be kissing you, why, yes!

BEATRICE.

Ho ! come not near me with such threatening looks,
Or I'll call Florian and Jacinta, Sir,
And rouse the villa : 't were a pretty play
To act before our servants !

LARA.

Call your maids !
I'll kill them, too, and claim from Royalty
A golden medal and a new escutcheon,
For slaying three she-dragons — but you first !

BEATRICE.

Stand back there, if you love me, or have loved !

As Lara advances, Beatrice retreats to the table and rings a small hand-bell. Florian, in the dress of a page, enters from behind the screen, and steps between them.

PAGE.

What would my master, Signor Juan, say —

LARA. [*Starting back.*

The Page ? now, curse him ! — What ? no ! Florian ?
Hold ! 't was at twilight, in the villa-garden,
At dusk, too, on the road to Mantova ;
But here the light falls on you, man or maid !
Stop now ; my brain 's bewildered. Stand you there,
And let me touch you with incredulous hands !
Wait till I come, nor vanish like a ghost !
If this be Juan's page, why, where is Florian ?
If this be Florian, where 's — by all the Saints,
I have been tricked !

FLORIAN. [*Laughing.*

By two Saints, with your leave !

LARA.

The happiest fool in Italy, for my age !
And all the damning tales you fed me with,
You Sprite of Twilight, Imp of the old Moon ! —

FLORIAN. [*Bowing.*

Were arrant lies as ever woman told ;
And though not mine, I claim the price for them —
This cap stuffed full of ducats twice a year !

LARA.

A trap ! a trap that only caught a fool !
So thin a plot, I might have seen through it.
I've lost my reason !

FLORIAN.

And your ducats!

BEATRICE.

And

A certain set of turquoise at Malan's!

[*arms.*LARA. [*Catching Beatrice in his*

I care not, love, so that I have not lost
The love I held so jealously. And you—
You *do* forgive me? Say it with your eyes.
Right sweetly said! Now, mark me, Beatrice:
If ever man or woman, ghoul or fairy,
Breathes aught against your chastity—although
The very angels from the clouds drop down
To sign the charge of perfidy—I swear,
Upon my honor——

BEATRICE.

Nay, be careful there!

Swear by the ocean's feathery froth——

LARA.

I swear,

By heaven and all the Seraphim——

[*mouth.*BEATRICE. [*Placing her hand on his*

I pray you!

LARA.

I swear—if ever I catch Florian
In pointed doublet and silk hose again,
I'll——

BEATRICE.

What?

LARA.

Make love to her, by all that's true!

BEATRICE.

O wisdom, wisdom! just two hours too late!
You should have thought of that before, my love.

LARA.

It's not too late!

BEATRICE. [*To Florian.*]

To bed, you dangerous page!

The Count shall pay the ducats.

[*Exit Florian.*

LARA.

And to-morrow
I'll clasp a manacle of blue and gold
On those white wrists. Now, Beatrice, come here,
And let me kiss both eyes for you!

D E B U T O F T O T T L E D A B C H I C K .

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE CANDLE MAKER'S MONEY-BAGS.

'EVERY circle has its lion, every club its oracle, and every family its phenomenon. There are people born into this commonplace world of ours, so much superior to it, that we perforce conclude that the controlling fates — or whatever you please to style them — in the hurry and confusion of business, must have gone astray in their equilateral distribution of intelligences, and favored us with an occasional sample of some more highly gifted sphere in the scale of progress.'

As Cyprus Gall, Esq., submitted this thesis to me, he raised his eyes from the article in the paper, which had given rise to it, as if to see if I indorsed the remark. I felt bound to say something, so deferentially suggested that the mistake might be merely one of time; that possibly, a hundred or five hundred years hence, such phenomena would be as common-place as they are now wonderful. We are a progressive people, a —

'A progressive fiddle-stick,' was his muttered reply.

Well, perhaps he was right: let him have it so, and I quietly resumed my segar, and the perusal of the last 'KNICKERBOCKER.'

After a pause, he opened up again:

'You remember little Dabchick, do n't you?'

'Can't say I do remember Dabchick. Who was Dabchick?'

'Not know Dabchick?' and the look of pity that he wafted across the table to me, made me almost turn red at my culpable ignorance.

'My dear fellow, you are miserably behind the age. But that comes of neglecting your newspaper. Not know Dabchick? who has come to tingle the ears of all America with his celebrated 'Tittle-tattle of Cosmopolita:' where have been your eyes, your ears? Is it not on every wall, in every paper, in every one's mouth? 'Tittle-tattle,' and 'Tottle Dabchick!'

I could only shake my head, and sigh at my misfortune.

'Well, you shall be enlightened to-night; for we shall go and hear him. In the mean time, as I happen to know some of his antecedents, I will recount them to you. So lay down your monthly, and listen.'

'Willingly, friend Cyprus!'

'The early career of the Dabchick family is, comparatively speaking, unknown. By a few, however, their history can be traced back twenty years or so. At that time, Dabchick the elder was known among his friends and the business community, as a candle-maker of no mean pretensions — keen, close, and grubbing. Had the interesting scion taken after the sire in these commendable

qualities, possibly the firm of 'Dabchick and Company' might have still been in the zenith of its glory and grubbing. But Dabchick the elder has gone the way of all candles and candle-makers: his light has been snuffed out, and he and the business now stand upon the calendar of time as among the things that were.'

'Dabchick Number One was a skilful artificer, and a judge of tallow; knew the secret of making money, and the equally important secret of saving it. Dabchick Number Two, on the demise of Dabchick Number One, and the accession to his money-bags, made the startling discovery that he had a soul above candles; voted his father's business unbecoming his father's son; dried his tears; washed his hands; bought shirts with fine cambric bosoms, and a diamond pin to correspond; studied Chesterfield and the 'mode de Paris,' and thus began 'life' on his own 'hook.'

'Had Dabchick Number Two possessed but a moiety of the sense of Dabchick Number One, (keen, close, and grubbing as it was,) he would have taken the precaution to hang one or two of the bags bequeathed to him on the 'hook' aforesaid, ere starting to go through the curriculum of 'life,' and thus kept at abeyance the rainy day prophesied by sibyllistic wiseacres. But Dabchick Number Two was emphatically a man of spirit, and not a grubbing financier; and what were considerations of filthy lucre to him, when the pursuit of 'life' was at stake? Were not the bags numerous? verily! each in itself an 'El dorado.' A rainy day, forsooth!

'What an addition to the society of the Dollarchinks and the Potiphars was the gay, the fashionable Tottle Dabchick! at once the envy of each lacteous Doodle, and the cynosure of each speculative mamma. His multifarious graces of mind and person eminently fitted him to adorn and beatify the society of the first of the land. At least, so said his friends—the brilliant Harry Mushroom and the volatile Felix Sophsop, who with an air of beaming patronage, drank his 'Heidsieck,' laughed at his jokes, and borrowed his money; and if men of their ton and calibre did not know, who on earth did? In a spirit of disinterestedness quite refreshing to behold, they undertook, like skilful lapidaries, to prepare the diamond that was destined to sparkle in their midst, and how well they succeeded, is a matter of history. Under auspices so *distingué*, our happy little Dabchick fluttered in the sunshine of pure and refined aristocracy, like a giddy butterfly as he was, nor dreamt that cynics and out-heroded rivals were busy shaking their wise heads with ominous presage, and making mental calculations as to the length of time it would take him to reach the end of his tether. Guesses were hazarded, four years, six years, ten years; but Dabchick anticipated the most sanguine of them, for before two years had elapsed, the end of the tether had been reached, the last dollar in the money-bags exhausted, and life redivivus on another 'hook,' less the hard earnings of Dabchick Number One.

'ERE the keystone he could make,
The fient a tail had he to shake.'

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE GREAT EXTINGUISHER TRICK.

‘WE are in London.

‘Ah! after all is said and done, London is the place, Sir, and no mistake. Paris is pie-crust, very nice, very tempting, and all that kind of thing; but like the crater of Vesuvius, it is hollow: nothing in it, positively nothing. New-York is ditto, ditto; in fact, abominably ditto; a base and inartistic counterfeit of the original; an aristocracy of parvenu soap-boilers and pill-venders aping French airs, French dresses, and, worse than all, French morals. If you want to see the genuine, the unadulterated Simon-pure, go to London. Instead of pie-crust, you have good, solid, substantial plum-pudding; instead of an aristocracy of shop-keepers, you have an aristocracy of live lords and ladies; an aristocracy with patrician blood in its veins; an aristocracy that the bone and sinew of the land cheerfully sweat and toil and die for! An aristocracy —

I may remark parenthetically, that Cyprus Gall, Esq., belongs to that happy little isle, and that it is sometimes hard to determine whether he is speaking in earnest or in irony.

‘Whoever has been in London, knows where Holborne is. ‘Little Turnstile’ turns out of Holborne; at least, it did at the time I speak of; possibly, since it has gone the way of ‘St. Giles.’ I do not know. It was a queer-looking place then; and any one hardy enough to pass through it once, retained a delightful souvenir of the visit, in the smell of mould and furniture-polish that clung to him for weeks after.

‘Unaccountable people, living in unaccountable places, and following unaccountable avocations, have ceased to be a nine days’ wonder in London. Tittlebat Titmouses with ‘twelve bob’ a week, and ‘find themselves,’ are as numerous there as pot-boys, (whether as useful, I cannot say,) and may be seen emerging at all hours from bare-walled, one-chaired attic-rooms, in all the glory and effulgence of irreproachable toilets, straw-colored kids, and little ivory-topped walking-canes, to show themselves in Hyde-Park, or St. James’, as the case may be; or, if at night, half-price to the Princesses’, or the Casino. And thus they lead a merry go-round in a small way. What we *see* of them is the painted butterfly, and looks very nice; what we *do n’t* see of them is the incult grub — *and thereby hangs a tale!*’

‘It was to this complexion that Tottle Dabchick had come at last. Here, in his tiny garret, sighed this once happy son of a candle-maker: the whilom lion of Saratoga, Newport, and the Avenues, and now the Tittlebat Titmouse of Little Turnstile.

‘I am disposed to think, however, that in course of time he would have taken kindly to this change, and philosophically pursued the tenor of his way without a murmur; but like many an other poor devil, Mr. Dabchick was afflicted with a landlady — a land-

lady mercenary enough to break in, from time to time, upon his harmless solitude, by reminding him of 'that 'ere little bill vich vos n't paid, and vich would be sich a hobligation.' Now all this was very provoking, to be sure, especially to a man who had once possessed gold-pieces by the bag-full; but then, how was it to be helped? Mrs. Pickells, on the main, was a very decent kind of a woman, and not a bad landlady, albeit she did have a latent hankering after 'gin and pep'mint,' and a vulgar habit of asking for her rent when it became due; but then, that's a failing of all English landladies, and, to my mind, shows something rotten at the core across the water. However, as an offset against these weaknesses, she professed herself an admirer of the Americans as a nation, and of Mr. Dabchick as an individual; which that gentleman appreciated by paying her regularly, when he had the money, and buying her over with soft speeches and bland promises, when he had not. Summing it all up, however, he could not shut his eyes to the fact, that he was most in favor when least in debt, and that Mrs. Pickells' estimate of Brother Jonathan hung upon such an uncertain tenure, as the state of her little boarder's exchequer.

'In the same house, and, in fact, in the next room to the one occupied by Dabchick, lived another unaccountable being, whose name was Percy Wheezin.

'All that was known of him was, that he was a tall, sallow, asthmatic-looking young man, with an immensely black moustache, and a cough which reverberated throughout the building from mid-night — at which hour he generally came home — till six the following evening — when he generally went out again.

'Sitting meditatively in his room one evening, our hero received a visit from this latter worthy. The only chair the apartment could boast of was handed to him. He looked pale and suffering, and to the inquiry after his health, complained that he was worse that evening; so much so, that he feared he would not be able to go out.

'I've come to ax ye to do a favor for me, if so be you'd be so kind.'

'Mr. Dabchick professed his readiness to oblige him.

'You see, Sir, I'm Professor Lumbrough's 'right 'and man.'

'Mr. Dabchick was not much enlightened. Wheezin, observing this, explained:

'Professor Lumbrough is the man as gives the hentertainment in the Monographic Hall, called 'Shreds an' Patches,' and very good it is too, I can tell you. I does the 'dolcy' for him be'ind. *D'ye twig?*'

'Mr. Dabchick could not exactly say that he *did twig*, but expressed himself as not being above undergoing that interesting operation, whatever it was.

'The 'Shreds an' Patches,' you see, is a hexhibition uv the comic, an' the name on 't is taken from Shakespur: you oughter see it, you should: all done by the Professor hisself, 'xcept wot I does

behind, vich is just the same as the man wot blows the bellowses to the horgan in the church, and nothin' but. There is lots o' changes: lots o' singin an' lots o' spoutin', all on vich is meant to be himitations o' well known kereceters. Vell, you see, my duties is to be be'ind, to have things in readiness an' ship-shape like, so that ven the Professor goes on again in another kerecter, the haudience hopen their heyes an' vonder 'ow it 's all done: *d' ye twig?*'

'Mr. Dabchick was opening *his* eyes, too. The twigging process was working.

'But you see, my cough is so plaguey bad to-night, that I could n't keep it down: I'm sure I could n't: an' fur me to go a-kicking up 'Arry, ven it an't in the programy, vould spile all, sertain. 'Ows'ever, if so be *you* 'd jist step roun' an' tell the guv'ner, I'd take it very kind, indeed I would.'

'The 'Professor,' by way of contrast to his 'right-'and-man,' was rather diminutive in stature, with a profusion of rings, chains, and pins, distributed so carelessly over his person, as to give one the idea that he slept in them. Well! perhaps he did; I have known Professors to sleep in their boots—an ordeal quite as trying and antagonistic to sound repose. The 'Professor' was a man that had made a hit—a hit unexampled since the days of Charles Mathews—and any trifling peculiarity of dress, or even morals, was looked upon by the indulgent public as a mere eccentricity of an otherwise great mind.

'The eulogium passed upon him by Wheezin had impressed Dabchick to such an extent, that he approached his presence with considerable trepidation; nor was he restored to perfect equanimity until he had heard him swear in the most common-place English, first at Bill, the carpenter, for having nailed up a wing too tight, and then at Dick, the errand-boy, for not having swept out his dressing-room and dusted the piano.

'The result of the interview was an arrangement that Dabchick should be the right-'and-man, *vice* Wheezy indisposed, and he there and then went through the interesting form of being introduced to the mysteries of his new vocation.

'And now he made another startling discovery, which was, that he himself was possessed of talents of a high order, *à la* Lum-brough. Night after night, as he became more familiar with the mysteries of the Professor's art, did he become more and more confirmed in this idea. A change was rapidly coming over the spirit of his dreams, and visions of a golden harvest awaiting him in his own bright land, became a fixed and tangible reality in his mind.

'Every one who takes an interest in what the newspapers call the world of amusement, has heard of the renowned Monsieur Bobong, and of his great 'extinguisher trick.' This trick consists in placing an individual, selected for the purpose, upon a table, covering him over with a large extinguisher, made of wicker and canvas, and by the potency of certain cabalistic words and signs making him disappear ere the extinguisher is again

raised. Professor Lumbrough (ever on the *qui vive* for popular events) introduced this trick in his entertainment, and by his talented imitation of the Monsieur and his *modus operandi*, fairly succeeded in dividing the popular excitement with him. Dabchick's slim and diminutive figure, admirably fitted him to disappear through the trap on the table at the word of command, and he was forthwith installed in the proud position. Justly conscious of the important part he bore in this wonderful performance, his spirit naturally revolted at a paltry two-shillings a night, when the coffers of the management were overflowing with gains; so, one night, while under the influence of sundry potations of generous 'alf-an'-alf, he resolved, by a brilliant *coup de grace*, to tell the Professor a piece of his mind. The trick proceeded; the conventional *Romany* had been uttered; the magic word *presto* still rung in the air; the wand of the enchanter was raised aloft; the extinguisher triumphantly removed, and — how shall we tell it? Dabchick — who should have been *non est* — discovered sitting cross-legged over the trap, looking defiant and forlorn.

“Tell 'ee wot 't is, ole fl'a, (hic) it — it kent be did fo-(hic) o-or-ee-money, nohow (hic.)”

‘Emboldened by the completely dumfounded appearance of the Professor, and the uproarious laughter of the audience, he proceeded:

“La'ies an gen'lum, look yer (hic) Purfesh'r L-l-l-umbra (hic.)”

‘But he was not allowed to say more; the extinguisher was again upon him, and the curtain let down amidst the huzzas and encores of the convulsed auditory.

‘That was the last appearance of Tottle Dabchick in England. He seems, however, to have perfected himself in the art of the ‘Knight of the Woolly Horse.’ So come along; if for nothing else, to see a phase of human nature worth the study — and the fifty cents.’

CHAPTER THIRD.

TITTLE TATTLE OF COSMOPOLITA.

So to ‘Dibblers’ did we wend our way.

‘Heaven help us,’ quoth Cyprus as he drew our attention to dead walls, covered with mammoth posters refulgent with blue and red, and setting forth the glories of ‘Tittle Tattle’ and Tottle Dabchick in letters a foot deep; ‘what a luxury it is to be a great man, and to have one’s name set forth in all the blazonry of modern art, from Dan to Bathsheba. Here is a man you see, thanks to the aid of printer’s ink, made immortal in a week. Doubtless his name will live in song and story; and hand-in-hand with that of an Orsini or a De Rivi re go down to posterity. ‘Who would fardels bear, to sweat and grunt under a weary life,’ when by a deed like this the *ultimatum* is achieved, and the name of Dabchick inscribed upon the scroll of fame. Prate no more about your Atlantic Cables and your Cyrus W. Fields; you see

they are already obsolete ; the enthusiasm of September the First has swallowed them up in one convulsive spasm, and now —

‘Dark night surrounds them with her hollow shade.’

And such is life.’

Our friend then edified us with the following story, which, though we failed to perceive the point of it, we herewith retail :

‘Some years ago, when — as in our own day — Shakspeare and the legitimate drama failed to fill the benches of ‘old Drury,’ the manager, in despair, announced for his benefit, that he would, before the eyes of all the audience, and by the simple agency of a sharp knife, manufacture a pair of good and substantial shoes in five minutes. This announcement did — what Shakspeare never had done — fill the house to overflowing ; and it was not until the wily manager came forth upon the stage and expertly cut the legs from off a pair of boots he held in his hand, and held up the dismembered understandings, that they realized the fact that they had been ‘sold.’ As it was in those days, so it is now — age of progress notwithstanding.’

‘Dibblers’ is quite a fashionable place, and was filled on the evening in question with what Cyprus called the *Dilletanti* of New-York. To our unsophisticated gaze, they looked more like very elaborately got-up men and women, the former very stiff and very formal, the latter altogether too inexpressibly expansive for our weak minds to dwell upon with safety. We took the liberty of voting it a very brilliant affair — the assemblage I mean — but Cyprus, with his merciless dissecting-knife, was busy — in my ears — tearing it to pieces ; showing up the true character of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Namby, the peccadilloes of Mrs. Robinson Pamby, and the extravagances of Mrs. and Mr. Fitz Fardingale, who had just returned from their trip to ‘Paree,’ and who were considered aristocracy of the first water. This was all Syriac to my untutored mind, and I felt very glad when we heard whispers of ‘There, he’s coming,’ followed by a muffled display of clapping of hands ; and turning round, we beheld a very little gentleman, with a very large mustache, and very white teeth, bobbing his head, and laying his hand upon his waistcoat most assiduously, and seeming to say to himself : ‘Yes, ladies and gentlemen, you are quite right, I am the man ! Clap away ! clap away !’ Then there was silence, and a pause, during which the little man with the very large mustache pulled out a spotless white handkerchief and applied it to his nose, but it did n’t want blowing, or else he did n’t care to do it ; so put it in his pocket again — we mean the handkerchief, of course — then smiled, showed his teeth again, coughed on purpose, and said : ‘Ladies and gentlemen —’

And now for it ; so we prepared ourselves to listen.

‘Oh ! my ! what a handsome-looking little fellow ; I’m sure he must be very clever,’ whispered a piece of feminine *Dilletanti* in striped silk, who sat before us, to a piece of ditto in a profusion of lace and exotics, who sat beside her.

‘Hush, dear! he’s going to speak. La! what a fine voice he has.’

‘Bravo! Dabchick,’ muttered Cyprus Gall; ‘no fear of him breaking down for want of cheek.’

‘Why does he keep lifting his feet up and down in that nervous manner? Is he giving a pedal illustration of his travels through Cosmopolita?’ I innocently inquired.

‘No, you goose! he’s got tight boots on, don’t you see? Poor Dabchick.’

Poor Dabchick, as my friend called him, was doing very well, I thought — rattling with electrical volubility over the four quarters of the globe, and enlivening the whole with snatches of song and recitation. ‘What a merry world he must have made it, and how very thankful it ought to be,’ muttered Cyprus Gall: at one time he was making the fortune of Madame Bischopani by *chaperoning* her over the wilds of Australasia, for the special behoof of expatriated miners, and the delectation of all and sundry; at another time he was ‘blowing’ — ‘That he is all the time,’ insinuated Cyprus Gall — rebellious Sepoys from the mouths of red-hot cannons, and making timely suggestions to Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell. Now we find him humanely pulling off his coat to run messages for Florence Nightingale and Alexis Soyer, and leading in person the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava — ‘He did it cheap,’ heartlessly suggested Cyprus Gall; and immediately after we find him hunting through the purlieus of London for the ‘shirt’ that his ‘friend’ Tom Hood sung about — one of the ‘stitches’ of which he showed to the *Dilettanti* amid immense applause, and the ‘la’s and ‘mercy me’s of the two immediately before us. He makes the ascent of Mont Blanc with Albert Smith and Madame Ida Pfeifer; lays traps for unsuspecting Hippopotami with Dr. Livingstone; hunts the wild chamois with his friend Bayard Taylor; and assists Thomas Carlyle in digging up relics on the battle-fields of Frederick the Great; anon we find him taking tea with Jenny Lind, and dancing a minuet with the Hon. Mrs. Norton; and, to wind up all, holding *conversazioni* with the *élite* of the land, from Longfellow the poet down to the mythical assassin of the redoubtable William Paterson.

The latter assertion seemed to be a clencher to the *Dilettanti*. Some of them turned over their programmes to see if it was there, and finding it so, immediately took it for granted. Others — more incredulous — nudged their neighbors with their elbows to call their attention to the statement; while a few intrepid ones boldly said aloud, ‘Hear! hear!’ and ‘Oh! oh!’ A boisterous laugh was immediately let off by Cyprus Gall, and — as laughing is proverbially infectious — it was immediately taken up by the intrepid ones, then by the nudging ones, and ultimately by all.

‘I say, Dabby! Ho! Dabby!’ called out Cyprus Gall.

‘Ha! ha! Ho! ho! Hi! hi!’ roared the less scrupulous *Dilettanti*.

‘What about the extinguisher trick? Eh! Dabby?’ wickedly pursued our friend.

'Ay! ay! Dabby! let's hear about the extinguisher trick,' was echoed on all sides.

In the midst of the confusion and excitement, we ventured to look toward the platform, but it was empty — the Cosmopolitan had evacuated ingloriously and mysteriously. I felt sorry for him.

'Not at all,' said Cyprus; 'depend upon it, he has got the money — more's the pity, as it will only enable him to repeat the dose in some western city, with more success than he has done here to-night — though I must say he came very near making a decided hit. Let him forbear drawing the 'Long-bow' quite so much on his next appearance, and his success may be considered a fixed fact. Come along, let us follow the good-natured public out; they have borne it like martyrs, and have now sufficient 'tittle tattle' of their own to last them till the next sensation comes along, and they will not have to wait long.'

H O M E L E S S .

I.

I sit in the Park alone,
The dead leaves are round me blown :
The skies are dim,
And the white clouds swim,
As I sit in the Park alone.

II.

I once had houses and lands,
And friends with generous hands,
And a Love who sung
With a honeyed tongue
When I had houses and lands.

III.

Now I have not even a hut,
And the generous hands are shut,
And my Love's proud eyes
Cannot recognize
Him who has not even a hut.

IV.

So I sit in the Park alone
And shiver and mutter and moan,
For friends are scarce,
And Love is a farce,
And Death is true alone.

D O C T O R P I L L A R I U S .

A YOUNG gent (he went just so far and not any farther with that good name, and I mean to be truthful) sat with his feet over the furnace flue in his little fourth-story back-room, looking the picture of dejection.

He was a sprig-looking fellow, too, only just now he was quite wilted down, like a tender lettuce-plant. It was as if the sun of life had risen upon him so fast, that its noon-day beams had overtaken him in his juicy state, before he had elaborated the fibre to resist it.

Some one knocked at his door, and immediately entered. It was a thick-set, stupid-looking individual, who could not open his puffy eye-lids more than a quarter of an inch. He was young; not more than twenty-one.

'You look stupid to-day, Tim,' remarked the new-comer.

'Stupid! yes. How's a fellow going to be any thing else, with no prospects in life?'

'Why do n't you do suthin'ruther to raise the wind?'

'Do? I should think you knew me well enough to know I'd do any thing, and that I have done every thing almost. Have n't I followed up all the heiresses going, spending a mint of money on 'taking' coats and false mustaches? Have n't I speculated in stocks to my last dollar? Have n't I had enough sinecure clerkships whenever my politician cousin could give me a lift? Have n't I come it over this one and that one, in one capacity or other, till every body knows me? Now I'd like you to tell me what's left for me to do? Show me the thing, and I'll do it like a man, especially if it is in the humbug line.'

'You haint tried your hand at any universal med'cin yet. Why do n't you invent suthin'ruther, and dose the people?'

'Lord, Tub! you startle me! You've eliminated an idea! I'll work it up into practical form! I'll act upon it! I'll rise upon it! I'll make my fortune! I'll build on the Avenue!'

'Mind you, Tim: I go shares!'

'Oh! yes! My good fellow, I never thought you would give light before you were killed and boiled down, like a whale; but you have actually got a-blazing with wit. For *you* to kindle such a spark!'

'Yes: I do have a bright idea now and then; but I do n't get the credit I deserve for it.'

'No more you do. Come on, let's fix this business up. I'll brush my hair up so; blue specs; high cravat. Let's see; some good hints can be got out of the 'Pickwick Papers,' I think: that Bob Sawyer, you know; but that'll do another time. Then we must get an office. I'll write poetical advertisements, like that 'Dance of the Cripples:'

'And the song they sang, as round they went,
Was 'Brown's Rheumatic Liniment!'

'Yes: but we've got to have references—some retired clergyman, 'ruther.'

'No: we can't have him: some body else has got him. I'll have a well-known lawyer.'

'Wy, you 're stupid! Common folks can't bear lawyers.'

'Well, then, a distinguished professor in one of our colleges: that 'll do!'

'And I'll be the professor.'

'That won't do. Any body, to look at you, might think my medicine contained too much opium. Beside, you 're too young for a distinguished professor.'

'I'll take lodgings as a prof, and go for one with some little fool of a landlady.'

'I see! I see! Folks call on prof for puff of medicine; prof always out, taking walk for health. Folks leave note: I answer it. That 'll do! Now for the medicine. What shall we concoct?'

'Mercury: that's the stock in trade for doctors.'

'I say, old fellow, I've a grain of conscience left. Mercury's rather powerful. Let's have things that are harmless.'

'Well, I've heard my mother say to folks: 'Take a little salts: if they do n't do good, at any rate they won't hurt any body.''

'Put down salts. What else? I have n't taken a dose since I got too strong to have my nose held, and I do n't know the names of the things.'

'I've heard my mother say: 'There's seeny, that won't hurt any body.''

'Senna, you mean! Oh! yes: I know that is good stuff. I used to smell it boiling in our kitchen as often as coffee; and if it could have killed any body, our small family would have been cut off long ago. Now, powder the senna and salts together, do them up in boxes, and—but Tub, folks know the taste of those articles. They would find out our secret, and our fun would be spoiled by competition. We must get some mysterious stuff to mix in it. Let's get something sticky, and make pills. What else did your ma say would n't hurt any body?'

'Shoemaker's wax, s'pose. I used to chew that, and it never hurt me.'

'Good! but see here, Tub: suppose our medicine do n't cure as well as do n't hurt. I'm afraid it won't take. I mean that folks won't take it. Now, you see, such small quantities of salts and senna would n't have a decided effect upon any body at all, not even a baby. What 'll we do?'

'I tell you mercury is the cure-all. I bet it is the basis of all the quack medicines going. Other folks an't so squeamish as you.'

'That's nothing to me. I can't go mercury, so drop it. What's the prevalent disease? What carries more people off than any thing else? Give me the morning's paper. 'Deaths during the week: asthma, five; hum! six: hum! four: consumption, fifty-six.' That's the mark! Now, what's good for coughs, colds,

sore-throats, and all that sort of thing? What did your ma use to give for these? — that did n't hurt any body, mind!'

'Some sweet sort of stuff — what's the name? — ipecac, that's it. I've seen her give it to the babies, when they were hoarse, by the tea-spoonful. At least, I think I have. Any how, I've often heard her say it would n't hurt any body.'

'Then I think that ought to be our principal ingredient: don't you? The commonest disease is colds. Make the medicine to cure colds, and it will cure more sick folks than if it were adapted to any other malady. So we will have ipecac six out of ten parts, salts one, senna one, shoemaker's wax two. Dose, ten pills for an adult, and five for children. We must have a pretty large dose, you know, and have them taken pretty often, to get through with the more boxes. All right, eh?'

'Well enough. You put that part of it through, will you? while I go to look up lodgings for the professor.'

Tub left his friend alone, and Tim was not long in dressing and going out also, being quite refreshed and invigorated by this new scheme for raising the wind.

But sitting slyly quiet, and hearing through the thin board partition between her room and Tim's, every word that was said, there had been all this time a cunning young dress-maker.

In a couple of weeks, there appeared a new office down-town, flashy with red-and-black printed bills in large letters, with a highly imaginative portrait of the famous Doctor Pillarius, who had made the wonderful discovery of that invaluable medicine, the 'Anti-Pulmonic Health Renovator,' which had cured its thousands and tens of thousands of colds, coughs, etc.; broken legs, sword-wounds, etc.; corns, freckles, etc.

'A distinguished Professor, unwilling to let the world languish in misery, when there is a certain cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, will be willing to give an account of his former wretched state, and certify to his wonderful cure by this invaluable remedy, etc.'

The sly little dress-maker passed the new office on her way to her employer's, and stepping in, she bought two boxes of pills. She identified Doctor Pillarius under all his disguises. She knew better than she cared about knowing, the features of the young man who occupied the attic next to her own, and ogled her every time she came up-stairs, leaving the door of his room open for the express purpose.

The dress-maker arrived at the house where she was to exercise her art upon the person of the young lady belonging thereto, and demurely sat down to her work. At the usual time for callers, the young Miss was summoned to the parlor; two young gentlemen had come to see her. The dress-maker, a curious little puss, peeped over the banisters, when they were about to go, and saw Dr. Pillarius and the Professor pass out of the front-door, but dressed as Tim and Tub.

When the little lady whom the sly dress-maker was employed to adorn returned, she was in wild spirits, and volubly gave a de-

tailed account of the morning call she had received, and of all the conversation that had passed, mentioning at last the names of the gentlemen, Messrs. Tim and Tub.

‘Mr. Tim!’ cried the sly one. ‘Is it possible he is out?’

‘Yes: why not? Do you know him?’

‘He boards in the same house that I do. His room is just next to mine, and he has such a racking cough at night! He is going into a consumption, I’m sure.’

‘Oh! no,’ said the little lady. ‘Don’t say that, for I am engaged to him, or am to be: mother says I may, as soon as he is settled in business, or can raise a little capital to put into the grocery with father.’

‘Are you engaged to him? I am sorry for you. I knew he was here often; but I did n’t think it would ever come to an engagement. I should be sorry for any one in your circumstances who had a consumptive lover; but I’m sorrier than common for you.’

‘Why?’

‘Oh! because when most folks are sick, they will do something; have a doctor, and take medicine. But Tim was brought up by those horrid homeopaths, and he won’t touch any thing to do him good. He’ll die, sure!’

‘Oh! oh! you shan’t talk so!’

‘Indeed, Miss, I do n’t want to distress you; but oh! if he would only take some of that precious new medicine that has cured so many thousands and tens of thousands!’

‘What kind of medicine is it?’

The dress-maker pulled out of her pocket one of the ‘Anti-Pulmonic Health Almanacs,’ which Doctor Pillarius had issued, from which she had torn off the directions about the dose, and gave it to the damsel, who devoured its contents, and then raved to go and consult the Professor.

The dress-maker knew where he lived, and it was soon determined that they should call upon him forthwith. They went to his boarding-house, but he had gone out to take a long walk. The landlady testified, that though three weeks ago he said he was too far gone for hope, in a galloping consumption, now he was so strong as to be able to walk nearly all day long, and was so fat, that he could hardly open his eyes. Good news! The girls went home elate.

‘Ah!’ said the sly one, ‘if Mr. Tim would only take those pills. But he won’t! Nobody can make him. He is principled against them, and every other decent medicine.’

‘I’ll make him take them!’

‘How?’

‘I’ll coax him to!’

‘Why, Miss, you could n’t begin to coax him to do it; he has such an educated horror of them. But if I were you, I know what I’d do. I’d give them to him privately, and save his life in spite of his nonsensical prejudice.’

‘And so I just will!’

‘When can you get a chance, do you think?’

'Why, this very night. Mamma and papa are going out to tea. I happened to mention this to Mr. Tim, and he said he would come round to keep me from being lonesome. So I asked them both to tea. I'll put a pill into his preserves.'

'A pill! Why, Miss, the dose is a box for a man, and half a box for a child.'

'A whole box of pills?'

'Yes; they are small boxes. See, I bought some this morning. I was afraid the supply might run out, and I get a cough when there was none of this invaluable medicine to be had. Here they are, two boxes.'

'I never heard of any body's taking a whole box of pills at once.'

'Do n't folks take two or three tea-spoonsful of salts, or a great table-spoonful of oil? You could put nearly all of these pills into a tea-spoon. That's not a large dose at all! Why, I have taken a whole tumblerful of senna at a time.'

'Well, I could n't manage to give them all to him, I am afraid.'

'I'll tell you how. He likes quince-jelly amazingly. At our boarding-house I've seen him eat saucerfuls of it! Now you put these pills into quince-jelly, and call them preserved pepper-corns. He'll take them, and never know it, and perhaps you will save him from a very sad end.'

'But then Mr. Tub will get some, too.'

'Oh! well they won't hurt him. The paper says they are perfectly harmless, and can't hurt any one. Besides, he has got a sore throat — you say he told you so — so they will do him good.'

'But I have n't got the pills, and it is getting late.'

'You may have my two boxes. You must make sure, you know, that you get him to take enough.'

'How much are they?'

'O Miss! I won't take any thing for them. You are so good in giving me your custom, that I am glad to do any thing to oblige you. No, Miss, I won't take a cent. Please excuse me. I can't indeed!'

The evening came, and the gentlemen. The sly little dress-maker lingered about her work until she heard them at the tea-table. Then she put on her bonnet, and as she passed the dining-room door, on her way down the back-stairs, she over-heard Mr. Tim saying: 'This preserved pepper-corn is a new thing, is n't it? It is most delicious! Quince is nice in every form. I'll trouble you for another spoonful, Tub; you must n't monopolize!'

'Tub,' said Tim, soon after supper, 'I do n't feel quite well. It's a little surfeit I think. I ate too much preserved pepper-corn.'

'I feel queer too. And you look stupidly pale. Let's go home. Hurry, for I feel sick.'

They took a hasty leave of the disappointed damsel, and hurried out of the door. The air relieved their feelings for a little while, but before they got home — bah!

'We're poisoned. I'm sure of it!' ejaculated Tub.

'No such thing,' chattered Tim.

'We must be! I'll send for a doctor to prove it; I'll send for a policeman and complain!'

'No you shan't, Tub! She would n't and could n't do it.'

'But the cook—ah!'

'Come on, we'll be better soon. It was those cursed pepper-corns! We ate too much of them.'

But Tub, shallow-pate and coward, saw a perfect Lucretia Borgia in the little lady; and deeming his life unsafe, he went early next morning to a magistrate and made complaint. Officers were sent to her house. She, the cook, and the angry, raging father were arrested. Young Miss told her story, and implicated the dress-maker, who was also arrested. They questioned the latter, but she refused to say a word, until before the Mayor. She would confess all to his Honor. So they were conducted to his office.

There were present the Mayor and several officers, the father and brother of the little lady, herself, Tim, Tub, the dress-maker, and a newspaper reporter at the key-hole. It was intimated to his Honor that the dress-maker had a confession to make. He advised her not to implicate herself, but she insisted upon doing it. He offered to hear her in private. No, she had rather speak before them all.

'Mr. Mayor,' said she, 'please to hear a long story. My room in ——— boarding-house is next to that gentleman's ———'

'I do n't board there at all, Sir,' cried out Tim.

'He did three weeks ago, as I know very well, for every time I came up to my room, he opened his door to stare at me.'

Tim snapped at the chance of having a fling at her.

'You were such a beauty, that I could n't help it,' said he slightly.

'No flippancy, Sir,' said the Mayor.

The sly little dress-maker courtesied to Tim and smiled. 'I thought you would take the opportunity I gave you to betray yourself, and confirm my words. Thank you, Mr. Tim.'

The policeman grinned and coughed.

'Now, my girl, go on,' said the Mayor.

'Well, Sir, there is only a thin board partition between our rooms; and one day, when a headache kept me at home, and he did not know it, I heard him concocting a wonderful new medicine with Mr. Tub. Mr. Tim was to be Dr. Pillarius; Mr. Tub, a distinguished Professor—he! he! If you choose to send for his landlady at ——— street, she can identify them both in those characters. She do n't know them in any other.'

'Send for the woman,' said the Mayor, and an officer departed. 'Go on, Miss.'

'So, Sir, as soon as this medicine was ready in the grand new office, I went and bought some.'

'Why did you do that?' asked Tim, amazed.

'I do n't wonder you ask that, Mr. Tim, when I know what your pills were made of! But I thought it only fair to try upon *you*, whether they were so sure 'not to hurt any body.'

'You gave an over-dose.'

'I gave at one time just what you would have spread over two days, and that is not much difference. Besides, if you had let Mr. Tub 'monopolize' a little more, you would n't have got so many of the pepper-corns.'

'Speak so that I can understand you, Miss,' said the Mayor.

'Certainly, Sir. I persuaded this young lady to give a box of pills to this young man and his partner, disguised as pepper-corns preserved in quince. They say they were poisoned! I think, Sir, they ought to be indicted for making poison, and selling it, and saying it would n't hurt any body.'

'What were the pills composed of?' asked the Mayor.

The dress-maker told him.

'You are a pretty shrewd young woman,' replied that functionary to the demure dress-maker. 'Your plan was a good one. I commend you for it. You are discharged. These young gentlemen will beware how they try quacking again, when such as you are under the roof with them. Messrs. Tim and Tub, you will await further examination after the arrival of the landlady. Young Miss, you are acquitted of the charge of poisoning, since we have the testimony—in solemn public acknowledgment of the gentlemen themselves, by means of advertisement, etc., that what you administered to them 'could n't hurt any body.' Ah! here is the landlady. Will you tell me, Madam, the names of these two gentlemen?'

'Dr. Pillarius and Professor Stingler, Sir. The Doctor sells the invaluable medicine that has cured the Professor of his consumption, Sir.'

'Very good. Had they any other names, Madam?'

'I should hope not, Sir. I never harbor rogues, and folks that have *aliases*, in my establishment, Sir.'

'What names have you known these young men by, Mr. —?'

asked the Mayor of the little lady's father.

'Messrs. Tim and Tub, their proper names, Sir,' replied he spitefully. 'And, Mrs. Landlady, there never were, it appears, greater rogues than these you have harbored. But they have had their deserts, thanks and honor to the shrewd young woman. Let them dare to sell another pill!'

'Hurrah! for the little dress-maker!' exclaimed the son enthusiastically; and as she had left the office, he went in quest of her. He found her some months afterward, before St. Mark's altar, whither the sly one led him blindfold, and there he married her. But he rued that act many a year afterward, and learned by heart the moral maxim, that 'the end does not justify the means;' for, for divers ends, good, bad, and indifferent, she cheated the very eyes out of his head. And how pleased his little sister was every time she had the opportunity to reply to his groans: 'What else could you expect? I told you so!'

Dr. Pillarius convinced the Mayor that there was nothing worse in his pills than a strong emetic, and he was let off. The newspaper reporter did the case full justice, and Tim and Tub left for California.

T H E S K E L E T O N M O N K .

—
'THE times have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end : but now they rise again.' — SHAKESPEARE.
—

P A R T F I R S T .

In a Capuchin convent old and gray,
On the brow of a cliff, some leagues away
From the walls of Rome, lived Friar Frenaye !

Giuseppe Frenaye !

He was ruddy and gay,

And yet, in his cowl,

He looked grave as an owl :

And he carefully counted his beads every day !

He doted on beads, and on medals as well,
On his brown woollen cloak and his little square cell,
And he worshipped Saint Francis, whose ghostly old head
Looked down from a frame at the top of his bed !

He had worm-eaten books

Stowed in curious nooks,

A jar full of relics — some saintly old crooks —

With a table and chair,

And a missal for prayer,

And a crucifix, carved out of wood very rare !

Nature made him a monk — and he never appeared,
With his shining bald head and his flowing brown beard,
With his twinkling gray eye and his dimpled red cheek,
And his fat little figure, so jolly and sleek —
But each stranger declared that he'd ne'er before seen
A monk with so perfectly monkish a mien !

Nature made him a monk — but no hermit — not he !
He had forty fat brothers, each jovial and free,
Who could doff like a cassock his sanctified air,
And vary with wassail his penance and prayer !
And no part of that cherished old convent, I ween,
Had more loving attent than its ample cuisine !

One could always find there

An abundance of fare —

The most delicate viands, delicious and rare —
And in certain deep vaults, stained with cobwebs and mould,
Sparkled wines red as rubies and yellow as gold,
With numberless names, and exceedingly old !

But, though never averse to a private carouse,
Every monk had the utmost respect for his vows ;
 And whenever the knell
 Of the old convent-bell
Called to matin, or vesper, or nocturn as well,
 Each would promptly repair
 To a union in prayer :
Its silvery sound seemed a sanctified spell —
To the chapel it summoned, and all were found there !

The chapel ! It stood near the cloister, apart —
'T was the pride of that convent — a wonder of art !
Its walls were adorned with the richest designs,
Its alcoves were filled with elaborate shrines,
And, glittering with gems, gleamed like Orient mines !
Its pavements were porphyry, its ceilings were gold,
Its niches held statues of exquisite mould,
And its treasury boasted of riches untold !

And beneath all this splendor, so vauntingly spread,
In contrast most strange with the scene over-head,
Under ponderous arches, shut out from the day,
In silence and darkness and damp and decay,
Was a charnel-house, strewn with the dust of the dead !

 Full of terror and gloom,
 'T was the convent's huge tomb,
Where hundreds were buried, and yet there was room !
Every monk, from the time the fraternity rose,
Had found in that chamber his final repose :
It contained no sepulchral inscriptions and stones,
But the ceilings and walls were encrusted with bones !
Human bones ! set in columns, and altars, and shrines,
And adjusted, with skill, in fantastical lines ;
In oblongs, and angles, and circles, and tiers,
Forming arabesques, crosses, and great chandeliers,
While erect in each niche, grim and ghastly and shrunk,
In his woollen capote, stood a skeleton monk !

'T was a horrible place, where one scarce drew a breath,
But it seemed to come charged with corruption and death ;
And yet, good Giuseppe would oft deem it right
To pray in that dreadful Golgotha all night,
With some ugly old skeleton holding the light !

'T was a curious whim ; but he really believed
That a vow proffered there would be better received ;
Perchance he supposed that contaminate air
Might be a more perfect conductor for prayer :
 But whate'er his intent,
 He most certainly went,
On all special occasions, to ruminate there !

Now, Giuseppe loved bones ; and it happened one day,
He had finished his prayers, and was coming away,
When, in passing a niche where a skeleton stood,
Peering stealthily out from the shade of his hood,
Without any thought of maltreating the dead,
He was seized with a fancy to borrow his head !
Perhaps it was wrong ; but Giuseppe had found
Such devotional aid among skulls under-ground,
That he could not conceive it would seem an abuse
To take one above, for more general use,
And he knew his dead brother would thrive quite as well ;
So he carried it up to his little square cell :
And if the monks blamed him, could any one tell ?

PART SECOND.

'T was the Feast of Saint Francis ! a season of mirth !
Observed since his saintship took leave of the earth,
And just three hundred years since the convent had birth :

Every friar felt gay
When the sun rose that day ;
But first they all met in the chapel, to pray :
Then, the offices through,
They had nothing to do
But to fill the fleet hours with joy as they flew,
And brimful of pleasure the time passed away !

For this festive occasion each brother had toiled :
Every nook in the gardens was searched and despoiled ;
And the chambers and corridors, covered with flowers,
Were blooming and fragrant as amaranth bowers !
Indeed, so intense was the flowery scent,
That the old monks were sneezing wherever they went !

'T was a day of delight ; but the mirth was not done
When the shadows of evening had closed o'er the sun ;
In fact, the enjoyment had then scarce begun !
In lieu of the day-light, a glittering sheen
From innumerable candles illumined the scene,
Filling every apartment, above and below,
And flooding the air with its effluent glow,
Till the convent ablaze, from its towering height
Gleaming down far away through the valleys that night,
Appeared to the sight
Some great stellary light,
As a comet or meteor, or even more bright !

Of course, with this dazzling display every where,
The chapel received most particular care ;
And all that the taste of the monks could prepare,
And all that the treasury held that was rare,
And costly, and rich, was exhibited there !

The columns and arches were mantled with green,
And in every recess rose a flowery screen —
A floral mosaic — an intricate maze
Of bright blooming garlands, festoons, and bouquets !

Above the high altar a glittering woof,
Interwoven with tinsel, drooped down from the roof,
And under this canopy, mitred and stoled,
Stood the bust of Saint Francis, in silver and gold.

There were relics held consecrate time out of mind,
In curious caskets of crystal confined ;
There were sacred utensils with jewels inlaid,
The pious purloinment of some old crusade ;
There were crosses and coronals, girdles and rings,
The votive oblations of pontiffs and kings,
With a great many precious conventual things.

All beautiful, brilliant, and bathed in the blaze
Of numberless wax-lights in multiplex rays,
Overflowing the gaze
With a wildering daze,
And filling the place with a prismatic haze.

But the good monks had deemed themselves greatly at fault
In this general joy,
Had they failed to employ,
With a hearty good will,
A full share of their skill
For the dear defunct brotherhood down in the vault.

So they hung in the gloom
Of that terrible tomb
Fresh flowrets, laden with dew and perfume ;
And they gave to each monk of that skeleton band
A lighted wax-candle to hold in his hand ;
While round each chandelier an illumement was thrown
From the candles which beamed in those sockets of bone.

But the flowrets grew pale, as with pestilent blight,
And the candles burned dim with a flickering light,
And the dead monks gained naught from the festive array,
Save a palpable darkness and laureled decay.

PART THIRD

The bell tolled nine !
The bell tolled nine !
And a merrier set
Had never yet

On any anniversary met
Than answering to its three times three,
Entered the old refectory,
And circled the oaken board to dine.
And I fear I should fail
Did I strive to detail
The delectable dishes which graced that regale ;
But suffice it to say
'T was a sumptuous display
Of fish and of flesh, and prepared every way,
From the forest and field, from the ocean and air,
All seasoned and sauced with most exquisite care :
Fried, roasted, and broiled,
Baked, basted, and boiled,
With vegetive esculents, luscious and rare,
In savory stews,
And in racy ragouts,
Which, however fastidious, none could refuse.

Then the dessert — the pastry, fruits, jellies, and ices —
In pyramids, towers, and other devices,
Italian, and Moorish, and Greek, and Egyptian,
Delighted the eye and surpassed all description ;
While, sparkling like jewels, in luminous lines,
Stood crystalline flagons of costly old wines.

A sumptuous display !
And the guests grew more gay,
As, with feasting and drinking, the hours rolled away.
They drank to Saint Peter, their glorified head ;
They drank to Pope Leo, who reigned in his stead ;
They drank to Saint Francis ; the martyrs who bled,
And their Capuchin Brethren, departed and dead ;
And they drank still more deeply, and jested, and sang,
Till the stately old halls with the revelry rang.

Then Giuseppe rose as the noise chanced to lull,
And went out to his cell, and came in with a skull —
The same, I am sorry to say, which he bore
From the niche in the grotto a long while before ;
And he filled it with wine, and there went up a shout
As he drank from the margin, and passed it about.

Then there suddenly fell
On each heart, like a knell,
The twelve mid-night strokes of the old convent-bell.
And the wax-lights burned low, and each monk gasped for
breath,
And the atmosphere seemed to be laden with death ;

And the door was flung open, and on through the gloom
A procession of spectres stalked into the room !

A procession of spectres ! — that skeleton band !
And a lighted wax-candle each held in his hand ;
And each, with his chaplet of flowrets bedight,
Pale, sickly, and shrunk, as with pestilent blight ;
And first of them all, with his cowl wide dispread,
Came a skeleton figure, withouten a head !

Every monk held his place, and there rose not a sound
Mid their motionless horror and silence profound ;
While advancing, the solemn procession filed round !

But on reaching Giuseppe, they came to a stand —
And the ghost snatched the skull from his shivering hand,
And he dashed out the wine — and, oh ! sad to relate !
He suddenly seized poor Giuseppe's bald pate,
And he twisted it off, and he left him stark dead
In his seat at the table, and lacking his head !
Then the spectres passed out, as they came, at the door,
And it closed, and the wax-lights burned bright as before.

Long years have rolled by since that scene of dismay,
And the monks of that convent have all passed away ;
And the convent, abandoned, remains to this day
But a ruin — crushed, mouldering in dust and decay.

And yet, at the feast of Saint Francis each year,
Precisely at mid-night two spectres appear —
Two skeleton monks, as their garb would denote,
For each folds about him a woolen capote —
And they traverse that ruin, nor slacken their pace,
As the one hurries on and the other gives chase !

And the first a wax-candle bears, flick'ring and dull,
And grasps in his long, bony fingers a skull ;
And the second, who goes with a wavering tread,
And his skeleton hands in the darkness out-spread,
And his cowl floating free, is bereft of his head.

And still as he follows — in mischievous mood,
The other peers back from the shade of his hood,
And entices him on — but alas ! nevermore
Shall Giuseppe recover the skull he once wore.

M Y P A R S E E N E I G H B O R .

I ONCE knew a man who was engaged to be married before he was born ; that was my Parsee neighbor, the amiable Gheber, who, in the pukka house that adjoined my own in the street called Cossitollah, in Calcutta, by the Hoogly, fed his sacred flame with orthodox solicitude and sandal-wood, cursed the Koran duly, rehearsed the precepts of Zoroaster, bragged of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, turned an honest Parsee penny, and dwelt with his children's children in profound and mysterious content.

My Parsee neighbor was brought forth on the ground-floor, (literally on the ground, or on the floor,) a moralistic peculiarity of Zoroastrian obstetrics, to which he was doubtless as indifferent as he was to the circumstance of being introduced to a wife by the same ceremony that introduced him to the world ; and for five days they fed him with sugar and water through a wick, regardless of the Micawberian 'fount' that flowed in vain for him.

Then they brought an astrologer, abounding in beard, and voluble in gibberish, and greedily itching as to his palm ; and he horoscoped my Parsee neighbor, him and all that should come of him ; and he forecasted him, by the children he should have, and by rupees, and by honors, and by all the chances and changes, the gains and the losses, of a Parsee experience ; and he conjured from the stars a calendar of names as long as the roll of warrior-pilgrims who brought over the sacred flame from Khorassan to Ormuz ; and he said to the sponsors of my Parsee neighbor, 'Choose !' There was Bonnarjee, and Framjee, and Camajee, and Sorabjee, and Pestonjee, and Hormusjee, and Nusserwanjee, and Furdoonjee, and Nourojee, and Cowasjee, and Jamsetjee, and Byramjee, and Heérjee, and Rustomjee, and all the jees ; and Nanabhoy, and Dhunjeebhoy, and Dadabhoy, and Dosabhoy, and Rhusabhoy, and Janjeebhoy, and Nourabhoy, and Jeejeebhoy, and all the bhoys. So they made him one of the bhoys — Kirsetjee Damthebhoy — and they all blessed him ; and they prayed that his autograph might be equivalent to many lacs, and his name a tower of financial strength for lame ducks to roost in.

Verily my Parsee neighbor was the apple of his mother's eye, and endless were her tender inspirations in the inventing of wondrous kickshaws for his holiday adornment : in all Cossitollah there was not so superfine a vanity as his little jubhla of Canton silk, with flowing and fantastic sleeves ; and the sun made a glory of his gold-embroidered skull-cap. When he was seven years old, all the kindred of his father's house, and all the friends thereof, assembled in the inner temple, to see the high-priest invest him with the symbolic raiment of the fire-worshipper — 'the garment of the good and beneficial way,' called *sudra*, and *kusti*, the consecrated cord — girded three times about his small loins, and knotted with four prayers.

And now it was time that my Parsee neighbor should come into his pre-natal wife property: a comparison of horoscopes was accordingly effected through the instrumentality of a mercenary priest; fortunes, and respectabilities, and all the delicacies of the expediency season were discussed and approved, and the match *pucka*-ed — which is as though one should say ‘clinched’ — by an interchange of presents for the respective wardrobes of the bride and groom; and behold my Parsee neighbor made a man of — a little man, with a mother-in-law; which, as Gheber mothers-in-law go, means a man with a curse, and a call for a special dispensation of patience. But my Parsee neighbor’s toes had been dipped in the ceremonial milk, and his face had been rubbed with the bride’s vest; so retreat was cut off, and there was no help for his predicament but to ponder his Zend-Avesta, and hold his peace. Nor was there hope that he might diminish his troubles by multiplying them; for bigamy is a Parsee abomination, and an experiment in that direction would have involved my neighbor in the scrape of the unfortunate Jemshedjee, who was excommunicated by the honorable *punchayet*, the administrative body, for flying matrimonially from the teeth of one vixen to the nails of another. He was compelled to pay two thousand rupees toward the maintainance of Teeth, and to restore to her all her jewels and ornaments, while Nails had to be repudiated forever.

But my Parsee neighbor had his wholesome distractions and his consolations, which he found in the golden results of the shop, in happy ‘operations’ and rich returns, in safe investments and fat contracts; and he had his pleasant dreams that were Caudle-proof; his visions of diplomas and decorations, of vice-regal compliments and parliamentary eulogiums, of baronetcies, and coats-of-arms, and statues — Sir Kirsetjee Damthebhoy!

Were there not Dadysett, and Pestonjee, and Hermosjee Wadia, and Framjee Nusserwanjee, and Cowasjee Jeehangir, and the Camas of India, China, England — true merchant-princes, to whom the shaky speculators of Western Wall-streets were but small money-mongers? Were there not ‘towers of silence’ to erect, and hospitals to found, and colleges and schools of design to endow, and bridges and aqueducts and causeways to build, and railroads to project, and wells and tanks to construct, and libraries and free schools and Zend-Avesta schools, and dhurumsallas, and churches, and sailors’-homes, and book-and-prize funds, and funds for the funeral expenses of poor Parsees, and contributions to public charities, and funds for the benefit of the poor blind, and subscriptions to the punchayet for beneficent purposes, and funds for the relief of honest debtors, and schools of industry, and obstetric institutions, and patriotic funds, and memorials, and Havelock testimonials, and Wellington testimonials, and what not, to provide for: living honors and an everlasting name? And my Parsee neighbor, with closed eyes, rapturous, nursed his vision till it glowed, all glorious, with the armorial bearings of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy — a shield of the Knights of St. John, emblazoned with scrolls of gold:

'at the lower part, a landscape in India, representing the island of Bombay, with the islands of Salsette and Elephanta in the distance. The sun is seen rising from behind Salsette, to denote industry and, in diffusing its light and heat, liberality. The upper part of the shield presents a white ground, emblematic of integrity and purity, on which are two bees, signifying industry and perseverance. The whole is surmounted by a crest, representing a beautiful peacock, typical of wealth and magnificence; and in its mouth an ear of wild rice, emblematic of beneficence. Below is a white pennant, folded, on which is inscribed, 'Industry and Liberality!' the motto of' — Sir Kirsetjee Damthebhoy!

My Parsee neighbor was an exalted humanitarian in a canine direction, regarding dogs as his friends and brothers, and piously according them (in undue proportion, on the score of justice to cats) a fellow-feeling that made him wondrous kind. His solicitude for the Trays, Blanches, and Sweethearts of his love, was distinguished by a sweeping catholicity of scope; ignoring narrow distinctions of breed, as to mastiff or poodle, bull-dog or greyhound, spaniel or pariah, his benevolence comprehended in the circle of its kind offices the abstract animal — universal dogry, and its common good. When his operations on land and his ventures by sea, his Bom bay brokerages and his Surat ship-yard, should have returned him a fair Parsee fortune, and established him on a financial footing with the princely traders of his tribe, it was his fond intention to found a hospital for the indigent sick of that great quadrupedal community, whereat halt dogs and dogs that were blind, mangy dogs and dogs stricken with confirmed asthma, dogs that had lost their tails by traps, their toes by coach-wheels, dogs whose minds had been impaired by affliction, as well as those whose bodies had suffered in fights — disabled dog-kind generally, whatever the nature or degree of its melancholy dispensation, should be free to the consolations of splints and bandages, soothing poultices and 'potecary's stuff, with wholesome bones in abundance, and the sweetest of straw beds. So should my Parsee neighbor fulfil a particular injunction of Zoroaster, and make sure for his soul that it should be spoken for in the day when enfranchised Dog should speak for itself.

At times, my Parsee neighbor drew his dreams from a soaring patriotism, brought over by his pilgrim fathers from Ormuz to Sanjan with the other sacred flame, and fed, like that, with the incense of an inspiring romance. It was a fondly-cherished story, and full of the legendary loveliness of his tribe, wherewith he was wont to hold the wide-eyed wonder of his pretty boy, perched, listening, on his knee.

He told how Mohammedan lions came down, in crushing onslaughts, on the fold of his fathers — the ancient Persian people — and drove them dismayed into the fastnesses of Khorassan; he spake of the sword-conversions of the Caliphs, the bloody sermons of Moslem priests; of the dethronement and flight of the doomed

Yezdézird, his wanderings in solitude and disguise, and his treacherous assassination by a miller — whence came the Persian proverb, ‘Beware a miller’s trust;’* of the Caliphat troops traversing the length and breadth of Iran, with scimitar and Koran, burning the fire-temples, quenching obscenely the sacred flame, and daily forcing a hundred thousand trembling Ghebers to abjure their poetic creed; he told how, after a century of patient faith and fortitude passed in the caves and forests of Khorassan, the persecutors penetrated to the hiding-place of the brave little band, and hunted them down to Ormuz, where yet they were not safe from the impious and the cruel. So they sought an insecure asylum on the small island of Diew, in the Gulf of Cambay, and tarried there in terror, till ‘an aged dastoor, reading the tablets of the stars, augured that it behooved them to depart from that place, and take up their abode elsewhere. Whereat, all rejoicing, set sail for Guzerat.’ Then came a mighty storm that shook their souls no less than their ships, and rent their hearts and their sails; so that they prayed, trembling, to Ormuzd, the author of light and truth, of heat and goodness, to save them from the infernal spells of Ahriman, minister of darkness, ignorance, and evil. ‘Deliver us, O Ormuzd! from this sea of trouble, and bring us in safety to the shores of India, that we may kindle on high the flame sacred to thee, and keep it ever bright, fed with obedience and righteousness.’

And Ormuzd hearkened to their piteous prayer, and brought them in safety to the shores of India — to Sanjan, whereof Jadao Rana was the wise and liberal ruler. When Jadao heard of the advent of the tempest-tossed strangers, he commanded them to come before him, and demanded who they were.

‘We are worshippers of Ormuzd,’ replied the venerable dastoor, ‘and of the Sun, and the Sea.

‘We observe silence while bathing, praying, making offerings to fire, and eating.

‘We consume incense, perfumes, and flowers in our religious ceremonies.

‘We wear the sacred garment — the garment of the good and beneficial way — the cincture for the loins, and the cap of two folds.

‘We rejoice in songs and instruments of music, in our marriages.

‘We adorn and perfume our wives.

‘We are enjoined to be bountiful in our charities, and especially to excavate tanks and wells.

‘We are enjoined to extend our sympathies toward males as well as females.

‘We wear the sacred girdle while praying or eating.

‘We feed the sacred flame with incense.

‘We practise devotion five times a day.

‘We are careful observers of conjugal fidelity and purity.

* DOSABHOY FRAMJEE — ‘The Parsees.’

‘We perform annual ceremonies for the souls of our ancestors.

‘We have suffered—therefore we are true; we have been patient—therefore we are brave. Give us a hill, whereon we may raise a tower of silence, and bury our dead; give us a field, wherein we may build a temple, and feed our holy flame; give us a stream, wherein we may bathe and pray, girt with the sacred cord. And we will be thy brothers, at peace with thy people, at peace with thy gods.’

And Jadao Rana said: ‘It is well; ye shall raise your tower of silence, and bury your dead; ye shall build your fire-temple, and feed your holy flame; ye shall bathe in a pure stream, girt with your sacred cincture; and no man shall molest you. But ye shall forget your Parsee language and speak henceforth in our tongue; ye shall cast off your armor and clothe yourselves in our fashion; and when ye marry your young children, ye shall order the marriage ceremonies and processions according to our custom, having your weddings by night; so shall ye be at peace with my people, at peace with my gods.’

And the reverend dastoor promised as the Rana required; and henceforth, for five centuries, so it was.

When Sultan Mohammed Begada, of Ahmedabad, came down upon Sanjan with thirty thousand men, to lay it waste, the Rana, who was descended from the wise and liberal Jadao, was sore afraid, and trembled for his kingdom and for his people; and he turned him to his Parsees, and said: ‘My ancestor exalted you, and lavished favors on your people; so now it behooveth you to make plain your gratitude, and lend me your aid, leading the way in battle.’ And the Parsees answered: ‘Fear not, O Prince! on account of this army; we are ready to scatter thy foes; nor shall one man of us turn his back, though a mill-stone were cast at his head.’ And thereupon, drawing themselves up in battle array, under their dauntless chief Ardeshir, they flew at the insolent infidels of Aleef Khan, and drove them from the land; Ardeshir unhorsed their proudest chieftain, and slew him with his lance as he lay on the ground.

Then my Parsee neighbor, holding the little Kirsetjee, all shuddering, on his knee, told him how the Ghebers were slaughtered at Variao. The Rajah of Ruttonpore, a ruthless Rajpoot, would have taxed the Parsees of that place, beyond his rights, beyond their means; but they defied him; and when he sent his troops to force them, the Parsees met them with sword and javelin, and drove them back; which so enraged the Rajah that his heart was filled with treachery, and his mind with terrible inventions. He beguiled the Parsees with fair words and fine promises, till they were no longer on their guard; and when they were all met, fearing no ambush, at a wedding of note, he fell upon them with his fiercest, and slew them there—them and their women and their children, sparing none. And the anniversary of that black deed is remembered in mourning, at Surat, to this day.

Sometimes my Parsee neighbor instructed his little Kirsetjee in the precious traditions of the Gheber's faith, and the saving precepts of the Zend-Avesta. He related how Zoroaster was born in the city of Rai, in Persia, in the reign of King Gushtasp. An angel appeared unto Puroshusp, chosen by the Lord, for his perfect faith and the blamelessness of his life, to be the father of the Gheber's prophet, and proffered him a glass of wondrous wine, fresh from the grapes of heaven, which, when Puroshusp had drunk it, filled his eyes with visions and his soul with aspirations; and immediately Droghdo, Puroshusp's wife, conceived and bare a child, the inspired child, Zurtosht, called Zoroaster. Then the governor of the city of Rai, a most wicked man, instigated moreover by abominable counsellors, would have destroyed the child; but steel turned from its breast, and poison was as milk to it; fire would not scathe it, nor wild beasts molest it. So it lived on, and grew to be a man of wisdom and of prophecy, who, when he was forty years old, came into the presence of the King Gushtasp, bearing a cypress tree, and the sacred fire called Ader Boorzeen Meher, saying, 'The ALMIGHTY hath sent me to guide thee in the path of truth, virtue, and piety;' and the wise monarch accepted the excellent doctrines and the rites.

'The doctrines which Zurtosht's miracles confirmed were wise and rational. They taught the unity of God; His omnipotence, and His goodness toward men; a solemn veneration for fire, the visible type of the invisible divinity; and an abiding aversion for Ahriman, the instigator of evil thoughts, but not coëternal with God. The morality contained in the books of Zoroaster is pure, and founded on the love of our neighbor.*

Zoroaster and the Magi taught the Ghebers to regard the sun but as the best and fairest image of the CREATOR, and to revere it for the blessings it diffuses on the earth. The sacred flame was the perpetual monitor to preserve their purity, of which it was the expressive symbol. But superstition and fable have, in the lapse of ages, defiled the stream of a religious system which, in its source, was pure and sublime.†

However that may be, my Parsee neighbor drinks now at the source; for once, as I stood at my door in Cossitollah, the tranquil Gheber rode by on an iron bier, borne on the shoulders of six white-robed *nassesalars*, and followed by a placid train of friends, linked in pairs with white handkerchiefs at their wrists; and they carried him to Dakhma, the tower of silence, where they left him to the Pondicherry eagles and the white crows and the adjutants; and when they had washed their hands and their faces, they never spake of him more.

* ANQUETIL-DUPERRON.

† FORBES' Oriental Memoirs.

T H E F A D E D F L O W E R .

I BROUGHT wild flowers to my dark house,
 Gathered in meadow and breezy lane,
 Palest roses that die in the sun,
 And daisies that bloom in the rain.

I brought wild flowers to cheer my love,
 Pining within these gloomy walls,
 Twining them in her golden hair,
 Where only the sun-light falls.

'The flowers are dying,' she softly said,
 'But every spring the roses blow :
 Gather them when they bloom again,
 Though I shall be dead, you know.'

Each year I bring to my dark house
 Roses and daisies from field and lane,
 And I pray, as I watch them fade and die,
 That I never may go again.

L O V E R S V E R S U S S W E E T - H E A R T S :

OR, BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

MEN and women, particularly young men and women, are continually (and perhaps with sufficient provocation on both sides) throwing back and forth at each other the hardest and most ungainly epithets. There are, it would seem, no names too harsh to be applied to either party, which has always at its tongue's-end something even more pointed and severe wherewith to retaliate. And yet the two are never easy out of each other's society.

Women are weak, coquettish, artificial, empty-headed, and fond of admiration, say the men, as they exert themselves to please the fair creatures. Men are conceited, inconstant, and hypocritical, the women say, destitute of principle, and will engage the affections of any woman merely to minister to their own vanity. And with this belief, they resort to any artifice, and make any sacrifice, that will secure the attention of those they so much abuse.

This should not be. The conclusion was long ago reached, that men and women compare too favorably with each other in their social obliquities, insufficiencies, and short-comings to make it becoming in them to avenge or amuse themselves in bandying about such charges as these.

I acknowledge readily that women are flirts, whose only aim is to excite admiration, and who, rather than not receive attentions,

and so lose an opportunity for displaying their power and influence, will receive them from a dunce or a *roué*; but then the men are worse than they. I will confess that the men will resort to any *ruse* by which they may hope to secure the interest and love of any woman, without declaring their own sentiments; that they will pretend to love, and will pay attentions to any one who pleases them, merely to turn the heads of those they think in their wisdom are to be fooled by such flattery; and that their ingenuity is constantly exercised in their attempts to see how much of what they do not feel they can seem to feel; but then the *ruses* a woman has at her command, and the skill and power — to say nothing of the advantage her sex gives her — with which she can employ them, are ten-fold beyond the capacity of any man to rival.

When we are in the company of a pleasing woman, of a flirt, in fine, who puts her opponent of the moment in the best of humor, by depreciating all those men with whom he is apt to see her, knowing that, in his conceit, he will add to the list of his own good qualities, and of his claims — which he thinks she thereby recognizes — upon her favor, whatever she denies to his friends, and will consider every thing she may say in their disfavor as an acknowledgment of her preference for him: when she does this, and she always will, how can her victim, almost drawn by his own vanity and desires into her toils — how can her victim escape? Why, his greedy appropriation of all this, is only a feint; this show of yielding to the soft persuasion of her flattering song, is only assumed for the sake of putting his enemy off her guard, and, by making her think her victory secure, force her to expose herself, by some rash move or false position. And so the battle rages. It is always a drawn one, however, and like the family quarrels of feudal ages, has been handed down from generation to generation of flirts and coquettes. The bad blood will never be all spilt, and as the men get together and complain of the cruel and fatal stratagems women resort to, and plan how they may defeat and utterly annihilate them, as though they were a horde of savage robbers; so women cannot find words fit to express their abhorrence for their natural enemies, and accuse them of unfairness, of presuming upon their greater natural strength and the advantage the laws they make give them.

It is immaterial from which side you look at the matter. You will probably think that party most abused and the most deserving of pity, whose melancholy and exaggerated account you have been obliged to listen to last.

After all, the conflict resembles more than any thing else a duel, the parties in which have always been friends, perhaps dear friends, up to the moment when an unlucky expression, used at an unlucky time, has kindled the passions, that lead to a quarrel, the result of which the victor may regret his life long. We are the slave of one who makes all the hours we pass away from her miserable and useless, because we cannot guess how she may regard us, nor know whether some other may not be basking in the smiles and enjoy-

ing the favors and conversation we are deprived of. We find we have cause for jealousy, or imagine we have, and there is no hard name we do not bestow upon her we loved so much; and in our anger, we include the rest of the sex she belongs to. We discover afterward, that we have been hasty in our sweeping vituperation, and making exceptions in favor of another fair one, call her an angel in her turn, and for a time think we love her.

When we read the story of Perseus, how he sailed away from the island of Naxos, leaving the inconsolable Ariadne on the inhospitable rocks, to weep over and bemoan her cruel fate, we feel the greatest pity for that unfortunate lady, and the strongest indignation for the heartless monster who could treat her so unfairly. But the same thing is happening every day. Unprincipled Perseuses without number, are perpetually leaving disconsolate Ariadnes, if not on the island of Naxos, at least in the island of New-York, and inevitably forget to come back any more.

Male flirts out-number the female, in the proportion of three to one, I believe; but, and I say it for the sake of the ladies, whom it may perhaps console, the victims of that one coquette outnumber those of the other three, in the proportion of nine to three. This is statistical information, and is as much to be depended upon, as are the bills of mortality or the lists of deaths and marriages.

But seriously, young men — with reference to your imitation of Perseus' inglorious example — you should not do this. If you possess a handsome form and face, an irresistible charm of manner and a winning and ingratiating address and style of conversation, of course it will be difficult, if not wholly out of your power, unless you resort to both mental and physical disfigurement and defacement, to help being fallen in love with at first sight, as you pass through the streets or ornament the *salons* you have the *entrée* to. But it is in your power, if you will consent to refrain from the free use and display of the gifts Heaven has lavished upon you — it will be within your power to stop short of captivating the hearts as well as the fancies of those you meet.

My friend Tom, who is a flatterer among the fair sex, and thinks he is in love with, and beloved by, any and every lively girl who seems to enjoy herself in his society, and is on pins till he can entrap her by his mock protestations into some word or action that will convince him he is right — or wrong — for I believe he cares very little, if the troublesome question be only settled one way or the other; Tom meets Julia at a party, or is introduced to her at the house of a common friend, whom he may perhaps be laying vigorous siege to at the time. He is attracted at first by her beauty and lively and amusing conversation, by the kindness and attention with which she receives and listens to him, and then charmed, on farther acquaintance, by the depth and originality of her character, the extent of her womanly knowledge, the justness of her ideas, the correctness of her tastes, and the skill with which she argues disputed points with him; in short, as he says himself, 'the entire absence of all nonsense in her composition,'

and the triumphant 'she knows a thing or two, let me tell you,' with which he closes his description.

She too is pleased with his looks and bearing, the soundness of his good sense, which prevents his talking in the insipid manner most of her male friends think she must be pleased with, with his good-humored wit, his skill in repartee, and perhaps his pleasant satire. They enjoy each other's society, and perhaps she is so much pleased as to allow the satisfaction she feels in being with him, and in hearing him talk, to manifest itself. He of course takes no pains to conceal his. They stumble, or he directs the conversation that way, upon some personal topic. There is something she wishes to know — when he saw her in the street without being seen by her; or something of equal importance, and he will not tell her, or *vice versa*, and much playful badinage, sportive teasing, and skilful plotting and counter-plotting pass between them.

Tom goes off elated, after such a passage-at-arms with her, and as he smokes a segar with a particular friend — I may be the one he chooses — tells him of the acquaintance he has made, how pretty and lively and witty she is, how she can play and sing, or draw, and how he really believes, 'Egad, though it may seem mere vanity for me to say so,' he has the grace to say, that she has really taken a fancy to him.

'But then she is a desperate flirt, you know,' he goes on to say, 'and was trying all the time to make me think she was really in earnest.' And the poor moth, forgetful of his previous disasters, which, to be sure, have not injured him seriously, flutters round the same candle again and again. He is piqued because he cannot know whether she was in earnest or not, and imagines his desire and longing to know how she regards him, to be a passion he feels for her, and thinks his jealousy and his anger at her suspicious reserve confirm it. He vows he will find out the truth of the matter without committing himself, so that in case she cares nothing for him — by which he means, does not care for him more than for any one else in the world — she may not be able to boast of the victory.

He is sometimes successful, Tom is, and if he find she really loves him, calls her silly and weak for yielding her heart before it was demanded of her, and accuses her — by which means he quiets his own conscience — of having made all the advances.

Or his opponent, he finds to his disgust, is as skilful as he is, perhaps more so; and to his great chagrin, he discovers that he can only learn her mind by first declaring his own, at the risk even, when he has so far humbled himself, of being laughed at for his pains.

But Dick and Harry, though old in years, are young and inexperienced in *affaires du cœur*, and are made acquainted with a new sensation, when they at last fall in love. They are earnest and sincere, and of course meet with a girl who has a heart, to be sure, but has learned in her physiology, and by her experience in

the world, that it is merely an engine for the propulsion of the necessary blood, and thinks a like dreary machine throbs in the breast of every one she meets. She denies the existence of love, but would marry, were a desirable *parti* to present himself, though she prefers being followed by a crowd of admirers, many of whom follow her only because she is the fashion, and it gives one a name to be seen with her. Dick and Harry, who regard her as all that is beautiful and admirable, worship the ground she covers, which, in the present style of dress, would seem to be no very disinterested affection, and are her most devoted. She plays them off, one against the other, and the rest of the crowd against them both. She grants her favors only by rule, and measures out encouragement according to the necessities of the case. She never feels the spur of a natural impulse, and probably cares the least for, and finds the most troublesome, with his doubts and jealousies, and complaints of her coldness, him who loves her most truly.

But she is not to be blamed. She is only fulfilling her mission in the world, and is preserving the balance of power.

When young Sophos had his first falling out with little Miss Nelly—and they have had many another since, let me tell you—who accused him of lukewarmness, of not loving her with the ardor she deserved, of always lecturing and finding fault with her, and of not caring, as he ought, when she flirted with other young men; when they quarrelled, as all lovers do, she, as all young ladies in such extremities do, insisted upon the immediate return of all the pretty nick-nacks she had from time to time, and with many affectionate and tender words, bestowed upon him; and requested him to send her back all her silly little notes, to read which you would think that the whole art of love consisted in coining pretty names. When young Sophos, who, between you and me, is not the most lover-like of men, and never does any thing absurd or ridiculous, and will not allow Miss Nelly to be foolish either; who can entertain himself with her friend even while his Nelly is in the room, and receives all her impulsive and heart-felt expressions of affection with a little too much of a sneer, and as though he thought it a bore—(‘It won’t do, Sophos,’ I used to tell him, ‘it won’t do. It is too much like pouring your hot coffee into a large bowl, stone-cold—you don’t warm the thick china so much as you cool your drink, and the beverage reaches your lips lukewarm and insipid,’)—when Sophos then, who is what I have described him, received Miss Nelly’s command, he busied himself in collecting all the *billet-doux*, all the trinkets, and other presents she had ever sent him: from out the pockets of various coats, from drawers, and out-of-the-way boxes, and other hiding-places they came; and with the slippers, purses, smoking-caps, mittens, etc., etc., she had made for him, made up quite a bundle, I assure you. And when Miss Nelly, with her heart in her throat, and scalding tears in her eyes, opened the package, and cried anew as she remembered how much she had enjoyed working the slippers, the knitting or the embroidery, and how often, while she was so

busy, he had been by her side, reading and talking to her, and how happy she was then, she could hardly contain herself, or keep back her tears till she could get to her own room to have a good cry.

And among all the other articles contained in the bundle, she found a slip of paper bearing her name which, recognizing the writing of her darling Sophos, she kissed again and again, and then opening it, read as follows: 'As Miss Nelly has seen fit to demand a restitution of the various gifts of affection she has bestowed upon me from time to time, and has doubtless done so with the idea of making use of them to secure the gratitude and affection of some other lover, I consider myself justified in demanding also the return of my proofs of affection, given her in a different form, it is true, but one none the less valuable to me, and which may also serve again on some future occasion.' And then followed — if you will believe me — a bill, of which I give some of the items, and of which the amount was a by no means insignificant sum. To horses and vehicles on so many occasions, so much; fares in stages and over rail-ways, so much; tickets to operas, concerts, theatres, etc., etc., so much; bouquets, fans, gloves, etc.; volumes of English poets; and finally, 'time passed in her company, which should have been given to my business, or to other friends whom I neglected.'

'Of course she did n't pay the bill,' said Sophos to me as we were talking the matter over. 'I only sent it in order to show her how foolishly and ridiculously she had acted. She was convinced of it herself on the receipt of that note, for how could she imagine or persuade herself that a lover, who had spent so much money as that in ministering to her pleasures, and gratifying her whims, could be lukewarm or indifferent? So she sent me a note the next day, acknowledging her fault, asking my forgiveness, and promising never to doubt me again. Which promise, I am sorry to say, she has broken at least a dozen times in as many weeks. It is a deuced good dodge,' he added, 'and if I had tried it before, I should have now a much larger stock of purses, smoking-caps, and so on, or else my pockets would be better filled. I should certainly have prosecuted the claim, unless she had made a compromise, and I do n't know but I am sorry I did n't.'

'It is all humbug,' he went on, 'this idea girls have, that they must take all their presents back as soon as there is any breach between them and their lovers. With regard to letters, it is all very well, no one wants them; but shirt-studs, and segar-cases, and gold pencil-cases, etc., etc., are often very useful; and when a man has once become attached to them, he will often, if the young lady, merely in a huff, or perhaps from malice, calls upon him to give them up, pretend to an amount of affection he no longer feels, merely for the sake of keeping them.'

I thought Sophos was making a confession as he went on in this tone, and, as I think of it, I am quite sure he was. I am confident that his engagement-collar galls his neck, and that he cannot help

envying the freedom of the society of wolves he has so lately left. He cannot help regretting the old precarious, uncertain manner of life, when he was wholly free and his own master, and could roam about foraging where he pleased, though he often was half-starved, and is dissatisfied with his present servile condition, which secures him from want, it is true, but makes of him a bond-servant in return for the daily nutriment of love and attention he receives, and rebels at being restrained and coerced as the price of the kind care and regular food which is provided him.

‘I have made the startling discovery,’ said a friend to me the other night, as we were taking a pipe and a glass of beer together, ‘I have made the startling discovery, within the last two years, that there are women who can feel a deep, sincere, and disinterested though foolish affection for a man. I believe there are some, in fact I know there are two, who can love to that extent, and bestow their real and heart-felt affection so wholly that they see nothing but truth and honor in him they adore, and yield him all their confidence with the same blind weakness as prompts them to snatch up as a great bargain the piece of damaged silk which the soft beguiling of the smooth-tongued shop-man persuades them is just as good as, if not better than, it was before it had been soaked in salt water. Poor innocents!’

‘Poor innocents, indeed!’ returned I, who had been somewhat amused by the earnestness and the tone of pity with which my friend, a notorious lady-killer, had been holding forth; ‘poor innocents, indeed, except when they become sales-women, and pass off upon us their pretty faces, well-dressed figures, and their shallow minds occupied only by one idea, which, to be sure, makes as pleasant music in our bewitched and flattered ears as did the single shot in the tin rattle of our childhood; poor innocents, except when they pass off this brummagem as the real article, and as worth any arbitrary sum they choose to demand. They resemble those delicious little shop-women of the continent—who are doubtless poor little innocents too—who, when we let them fit us with our gloves, give us any pair they please, and persuade us to take the very color we have a dislike for. And so the balance is struck.’ The pendulum swings to-and-fro, and is, as in the best time-pieces, a compensation pendulum, so its movements never vary, and its journey is as long on the one side as on the other.

If Clementina, who was on the point of having her wedding-finery made up, and has seen in her rambles about the city ‘just the dearest little house in the world,’ just the one she would like to live in with Charles—and how happy they will be there, though it be small, and in a back street; if Clementina, who has told her bosom friend her happy dreams for the future, that Charles is very fond of her, and how she considers herself engaged to him, for though he went away before he had exactly made her a formal proposal, he will doubtless do so on his return, or in his letters; if this deluded young lady find herself deserted, and the house she liked so much occupied by another fond couple; if her

castle, built in the air on so frail foundations, tumble about her ears, and bury her beneath its ruin, crushing her with despair and sorrow, and breaking her heart of course; so Tom, Dick, and Harry, who follow their particular fancy about from one ball and watering-place to another, who exhaust their fortunes in concert and opera-tickets, in bouquets, fans, etc., and their leisure in escorting her to any and every place of amusement she will visit with them, and who worship at the same church with her for any number of consecutive Sundays; so these young men are astonished that the time comes at last when, instead of receiving a reward for their devotion, they are informed that their services are required no longer; that the one they love is engaged to some one else, and that invitations can no longer be accepted, etc. Their eyes are plucked open thus rudely, and they have no consolation but in heartily cursing, billiards, segars, etc. They are even passed over in the distribution of wedding-cards, and have nothing left to remind them of the happy past but a few short *billets*, not particularly *doux*, and containing only a request for their company to the opera or theatre, or the broad hint that there is the loveliest bouquet or the sweetest fan at —, etc.

V O I C E S I H E A R .

I.

Down, down where dark waters are leaping,
 I hear a voice calling me —
 From the pearly spray calling me :
 Lonely one, rest below,
 Sea-nymphs shall hush thy wo,
 None will miss thee quietly sleeping.

II.

Low, low where the green grass is growing,
 I hear a voice calling me,
 From the beckoning grass calling me :
 Weary one, nestle here,
 Soft green shall be thy bier,
 We'll screen thee from winds rudely blowing.

III.

Love, love, fare-thee-well ! I am going :
 I hear voices calling me,
 To a shadowy land calling me :
 On that shore thou wilt wait,
 Calling me all too late —
 Thy tears through the mist vainly flowing.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT POWER.

A RECENT number of *Punch* contains a long and by no means complimentary obituary notice of 'Mr. John Company,' or in other words, of the late well-known though not well-beloved East-India Company, which, during the year that is drawing to its close, has rested from its labors. There is hardly a charge which can blacken the memory of individual or corporation, which the witty satirist does not heap upon the departed worthy, and he concludes by an expression of devout thankfulness that *resurgam* can never be written on its tomb. It has been for ages so much the fashion to allow of no comment upon dead greatness which does not confine itself to the enumeration of its virtues, that a little *post-mortem* abuse is a tempting and effective feat for a humorist to perform; above all, when, as in this case, there are no sorrowing friends to wince under the infliction; but we confess that, even with all the faults and crimes of the defunct fresh in our minds, we can hardly find it in our hearts to rejoice over its grave. It may possibly be, and we believe it is, a blessing for the race whose fate it so long held in its hands, that it is gone; but its annals have been illustrated by too much heroism, and genius, and sacrifice for us to gaze on its vacant place without a tinge of awe and solemnity in the thousand reflections which its history and its fate inspire.

No one can run his eye over the chronicles of the year which is this month at an end, without feeling that, in witnessing the violent death of the great corporation, he has witnessed the *dénouement* of a drama so marvellous, that had it been played in other place than on the classic ground of romance itself, we should hardly yet have recovered from the shock of astonishment. All the monarchs of Europe, rolled into one, might have fallen from their places, without leaving so great a gap in the forces which shape the destinies of the world. No three monarchs together held so many human lives, so much human happiness within reach of their fingertips as this company of traders held in the hollow of its hand. No conqueror has ever crowded into so short a space of time so much that dazzles the imagination, and so much that outrages probability. To have prophesied in the year 1700 that any power in Europe could reduce, with the resources of a great state at its back, an empire like that of the Moguls to groveling subjection, would have only excited the laughter of the most visionary adventurer; to have prophesied the performance of any such feat by a batch of London grocers, with the profits of their trading, would have been treated as a plain indication of lunacy. But to have fixed the scene of this imaginary conquest fifteen thousand miles away, on the plains of India, in the centre of that fairy-land of glory, by which the fancy of all the great captains of the world, from Alexander to Napoleon, has been fired,

and to have awarded even in a dream, to these paltry hucksters, conquest and dominion for which heroes have sighed for three thousand years in vain, would hardly have even called forth the laughter which usually greets the vagaries of madness.

Can we, moreover, picture to ourselves any man in that year, or, without the experience which we possess, in this, finding in the most extraordinary and unlooked-for occurrences which he had ever witnessed, or of which he had ever heard, in the course of human affairs, reasonable grounds for supposing that a power such as was called into existence by Queen Elizabeth's charter, could be enabled to use lavishly in its service the fieriest valor and the deepest devotion of which men are capable; that the sordid aims and mean wants of traders could call soldiers into the field, such as have rarely followed the banners of the greatest leaders in the world; that their interests and their schemes could become themes on which orators would rival the greatest masters of their art, and strike 'listening senators' mute with admiration? And yet all this has happened, almost in our day; there are men still living, who were born before the East-India Company had cherished any higher ambition than a hundred per cent profit on its ventures, when its clerks trembled before the weakest of the Mogul's satraps, and when a Dutch captain of infantry might have hanged the proudest of its factors with impunity. Its conquests of territory merely, since that period, if viewed as military operations simply, stand in the first rank. Military glory is, after all, mainly based upon the contrast between the end accomplished and the means employed. To do great things with poor materials furnishes one of the best titles to martial laurels. Napoleon never shone as he shone in the morning of his career, when he beat the finest troops and greatest generals in Europe with the shoeless, shirtless ragamuffins, who formed the 'army of Italy' in his first campaign. Half the glory of the American Revolution lay in the paltriness of the forces which accomplished it. Great armies are a physical power which over-awes and impresses the imagination; but the moral grandeur of war is to be found in the audacity and self-confidence of small numbers, in victories wrung from the hands of fate, in spite of odds of all sorts: odds of battalions, of distance, of climate, of resources. Fortune at the outset did little for the Company; but she afterward amply atoned for her neglect. When its military career commenced, it was represented on Indian soil, by a few sickly clerks, whose martial aspirations were all fully satisfied, if their clumsy stockades protected them from the sabres of the Mahratta cavalry. They were surrounded by enemies, who let them pass unscathed for no better reason than that they were weak and helpless. The native rulers, outside their fort, were their masters; the predominant European power in India was the French, whose interests were watched by trained and skilled soldiers; the Dutch hardly honored the English even by regarding them as competitors. Army, the Company had none,

and of money very little. If its *employés* got home at the end of a few years, with some shreds of their livers remaining, and a few thousand pounds in possession, acquired by cheating the natives, they looked on their careers as eminently successful. And yet, in eighty years, a series of the most brilliant triumphs in war and diplomacy, made it one of the great powers of the world; the dread of the east and envy of the west; the head of a vast and efficient host, and the ruler of two hundred millions of the most submissive of subjects — a puissant monarch without one of the forms of royalty. In what history shall we find a tale so strange; a tale of power so acquired, so held, so lost, of such singular vicissitudes of fortune thronging a period so short? Macaulay has well remarked, that wonderful as were the careers of Cortez and Pizarro in America, they want a good deal of the romantic interest which hangs round the story of British conquests in Hindostan. The Spaniards were men of war, commissioned by a powerful nation, fighting naked savages, who had never smelt powder or seen a horse; while the English traders encountered on their own responsibility a monarchy, whose cavalry was the finest in the world, and swarmed as the leaves of the forest, and who counted its artillery by the thousand, and whose co-religionists had carried fire and sword to the gates of Vienna. When the historian appears, who shall write John Company's life, as Prescott has rehearsed the exploits of the Spanish adventurers, the world will wonder, and with reason, that in an age when genius is puzzled so much to know upon what to expend itself, a tale so strange should have remained so long untold.

But the Company's doings in India have always possessed an interest for us, quite independent of the glitter of its military successes. We have always looked upon it as a grand monument of middle-class energy and enterprise. From 1688 to 1830, the English people, though they had their liberty secured by the Dutch revolution, had in reality as little to do with the government of England, as if they kept shop in the Rue Royale. During that long and changeful interval, it is impossible to discover upon the face of public policy, whether foreign or domestic, the slightest trace of their influence, the slightest indication that their habits or opinions formed an element in the calculation of any British statesman. It is impossible to read over the annals of the time, without being struck by the regularity with which the reins of government pass from the hands of one great house and its dependents to those of another great house and its dependents, and how steadily the idea is presented to us, that when the bourgeoisie and the people are secured in the peaceable exercise of their industry and in the enjoyment of their personal liberty, they have obtained all that they have a right to ask for. Down to the passage of the Reform Bill, the idea that they might fairly claim a share in the highest and noblest of pursuits — those of the statesman and soldier — was almost as strange and unfamiliar at Westminster as at Versailles. This was certainly the case in the middle of the last century. England was

as pure an oligarchy when the Company first began to acquire territory, as France was a despotism under Louis XIV. The very liberty which the middle classes enjoyed, and the ambition, energy, and enterprise which that liberty naturally developed, rendered this exclusion from the great arena of war and politics all the more galling. The Parisian bourgeois, whom a rakish Count might kick with impunity, or a malevolent Marquis shut up in a prison, felt it no great hardship not to be allowed to command a regiment or negotiate a treaty; but the free-born English merchant or squire, whose person and property were sacred as the king's, was naturally outraged by finding that the accident of birth had shut his sons out from careers which he felt they could adorn. The army was as scrupulously reserved for persons of quality, as the right of *entrée* to the royal drawing-room. The prizes of the Church were only bestowed on the scions of old houses. A seat in Parliament was sometimes obtainable by a middle-class man, by the charity of a county magnate, and upon condition that he would speak his patron's thoughts, and vote as he wished. The law alone was left to the people, because its prizes could only be won by the industry of a long life, and by the indomitable energy which poverty begets.

It may be imagined, therefore, what splendid vistas were opened up to popular eyes by the rise of the Company's power in India: since the brief but glorious days of the first revolution, no such visions had met them. How many Cromwells, and Clives, and Hastings, and Napiers, and Havelocks had lived obscurely and died ignobly between the battle of Worcester and the battle of Plassey! How much of the dogged energy, the remorseless enterprise, and the insatiable ambition, which have since created the Indian empire, must have rusted away in counting-houses and farm-houses, during the halcyon days of Whig and Tory. On the morning on which Clive threw down his pen, and buckled on the sword, a new light burst on the English people, and a new world was opened to them. A state of things, in which a friendless clerk could, by the aid of a clear head and stout heart, push his way, in half a year, into the front rank of generals and statesmen, was something they had not seen for many a long year. The old stories, now almost fading from the popular memory, of the throng of eager youths who crowded the ponderous old Indian-men which ploughed their course in half a year round the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta, flushed with hope, simply because they had neither money nor connections, may give us some idea of the god-send which Clive's success was to thousands who fretted away life at home, maddened by the conventional obstacles against which naked merit struck its head at every turn it took. Here, at least, was a field in which birth and position were of no account, in which a good sabre was worth a yard of pedigree, and in which energy might, in a man's dealings with the pagans of Hindostan, make amends for his forefather's absence from the Crusades. The poor and the low-born had it all to themselves.

None others would face that endless voyage, that burning sun, those dusty plains and thick jungles, and Mahratta horsemen. The exile was sure to be long, return was uncertain. The riches of the East certainly were fabulous, but the air was thick with disease, and on every road lurked foes. If half England went there, her army would still be a handful on a distant shore, as compared with the myriads of unknown peoples who swarmed in the interior of the mighty empire of the Great Mogul.

The first flood of adventurers, as might have been expected, were not men of the nicest honor, or in possession of very tender consciences. They found themselves suddenly in possession of unlimited power, and they abused it grossly. They fought and conquered, and then plundered and oppressed. They lived riotously, and hastened home with hoards of ill-gotten wealth. The government of Bengal, in the first years of the Company's reign, was probably as bad as any that human ingenuity, pressed into the service of unscrupulous greed, could have devised. To the great man who laid the foundation of the empire, is due the honor of delivering it from the horrors which his victories brought upon it. Bright as were the glories of Arcot and Plassey, they pale their fires before Clive's nobler labors, in reforming the administration, and saving the natives from the extortion and tyranny of their new rulers. But bad as the Indian soldiers and politicians were, in point of morality, contrast their vigor, their energy, their clear-headedness, their wisdom in council and rapidity in action, with the slow stupidity, the blunders, and humiliations by sea and land, which marked the operations of the King's government, during the same period, elsewhere. While the former were building up a new empire in the East, the latter were losing a far finer one in the West. While Clive, with a handful of writers and Sepoys, was expelling the French from Hindostan, and awing powerful monarchs into submission, Braddock was losing a noble army in the wilds of Virginia, and Dinwiddie was sowing the wind which soon after produced the whirlwind. A few years later, when Clive was infusing order into the Indian administration, and creating the system, which, bad or good, was the best government the Hindoos had ever had, Lord North was driving America headlong into rebellion, by the grossest misgovernment the world ever saw. And in the palmy days of Hastings, when the great Company gave laws before which princes bowed in awe, to sixty millions of a foreign race, when the Rohillas, who had never been conquered before, recoiled before the English arms, Clinton was shut up ingloriously in New-York, and Cornwallis was marching on his doom at Yorktown.

The vigor with which India was won, was as marked as the sluggish incapacity by which America was lost. In every thing undertaken by the ministry at home during that period, the contrast was preserved. The Duke of York's disasters in Walcheren, were a fitting counterpart to the disasters of Saratoga and Yorktown; but

there was nothing, whether villainous or glorious, on which the Company's servants set their hands, in those dark days of British history, which was not crowned with triumph. They were as successful in diplomacy as in war. They beat their enemies in the field, outwitted them in intrigue, out-did them in fraud. The craftiest of crafty Hindoos, found that the strangers were more than their matches, even in the Hindoo game of deceit. They accomplished a still greater wonder. They imported the dregs of London stews, and made them into good soldiers; and they converted the cowardly, cringing ryots of the plains, over whom the warrior races of the mountains had for twenty centuries ridden rough-shod, into the unconquerable battalions who died in their ranks on the bloody field of Conjeveram.

Of the Company's government of its dominions since it became a territorial power, there is so much to be said, both in praise and condemnation, that to attempt a full measure, either of the one or the other, in the space we have at our disposal, is out of the question. That it governed India as well as it might have been governed, or as we would fain hope it may yet be governed, its warmest friends will not venture to assert. But that it has been the best government India has ever had, since Indian records became credible, its worst enemies will hardly deny. Its great misfortune has been that it undertook to do ten times more than its strength was equal to. It has never had a European force in the country capable of regenerating twenty millions of its subjects; and, nevertheless, has not hesitated to undertake all the duties of civilized rulers toward two hundred millions of stiff-necked barbarians. The whole weight of the administration has always fallen on the handful of British whom the wisest nursing is barely adequate to maintain in sufficient vigor to meet the great exigencies of war and insurrection. The life of an Englishman in Hindostan is one long disease; and though he had the zeal of Wilberforce and the energy of Clive, as long as he has to fight so hard for bare life, it is unfair to expect of him the conscientious industry and devotion which one might fairly exact in Downing-street or Canada. The conquered race have never been so penetrated by the ideas of civilization as to be able to share either the labors or the responsibilities of government. No form of civilization, if civilization it can be called, ever offered so many obstacles as these to the labors of the missionary or philanthropist. No Christian philosopher or evangelist has ever yet come in contact with that mysterious and grotesque faith; that ancient and proud priesthood, those adamantine walls of caste, founded before history began, without feeling his heart quail at the prospect. He cannot flatter himself, as in the case of China, that contact with other races, and fresh ideas, is all that is needed to wake these millions up from their trance. More ages than we care to guess at, more conquerors than history has chronicled, more revolutions and invasions than would seem sufficient to sweep even from human memory ten such civilizations as our own, great and steadfast though it be, have crossed those burning

plains, and changed almost everything but the people. Great soldiers and great kings have left a thousand traces of their progress. They have dotted the country with everlasting temples, made the wilderness blossom as the rose, have made rivers murmur, and cities flourish, on arid wastes; but man and his creed have defied their power. The people were divided into Brahmin and Csatriya, Vaisya and Sudra, when Alexander led his phalanxes down the Indus, and they are so divided still. Brahma, Vishnoo, and Siva were the gods of the nation then as now; widows mounted the funeral pile, fakirs swung, Kalee had her mid-night worship, and Juggernaut his noon-day rides. Ages on ages of change, successive invasions, the pressure of foreign races, the fanaticism of victorious Mussulmen, when Mussulmen were really fanatical, have rolled over the heads of this singular people in vain.

In an evil hour, for his own good name, John Company undertook, with some twenty thousand tax-collectors and military officers, to overthrow a social organization like this, and in eighty brief years to convert two hundred millions of the darkest, most subtle, and most hidden of races, into Christians and gentlemen, besides paying a handsome dividend to his stock-holders. He met no material resistance that he did not crush; but he encountered a moral *vis inertiae*, before which it would have been no disgrace for a mightier power than he to have been foiled. He found, what he might have known, that his forces were too small, for their example or their ideas to reach masses of his vassals, and he found too that civil servants and soldiers, who preserve order and administer justice, scattered here and there in small parties hundreds of miles apart, in a tropical climate, are not the fittest agents to combat a creed which flourished before Jupiter began his reign, and a priesthood which declares its founder to have sprung from the CREATOR'S head. He failed, and as might have been expected, failed signally, but why he failed, the majority of those who have criticised him and his deeds have never given themselves the trouble to inquire. In commenting upon his doings, it was always a far easier task to regard him as an European monarch, ruling a people of his own faith and of his own civilization, and denounce him for his short-comings accordingly, than to make a conscientious examination of the difficulties he had to contend with. A vigorous invective against a bad ruler is a performance of which any writer is capable, but a candid inquiry into the nature of the obstacles which the religion and manners of the Hindoos offer to the regeneration of the country, is a work which few have the capacity, and fewer still the opportunity to perform. As sad an example of flippancy and folly as it is easy to conceive of, is offered by attempts like those of Mr. Layard to solve this great problem, to lift the veil in which time has shrouded the moral life of this singular people, by means of a six months' tour, made in complete ignorance of the language. Materials which may be amply sufficient for a

damaging opposition speech, fall far short of the exigencies of a great system of social reform.

Who it is who is destined to do for India what the Company has left undone, we do not take upon ourselves to say. The object for which it was established was material gain, and this primary purpose showed itself in most of its doings to the very last. The character either of beneficent ruler, of sage reformer, always sat badly on its shoulders. There was something a little grotesque in all its efforts to be good. When in later days it was forced into openly playing the part of a wise monarch, it was guilty of almost ludicrous inconsistencies. It monopolized the raising of opium, and yet abolished Suttee, and made a buccaneering foray into Afghanistan, while it sent emissaries to civilize the Bheels. It declared that its great object in retaining India was to elevate the people, and yet frowned on the preaching of Christianity by its officials. It grasped and exercised the power of a despot, and yet approached the throne of puppet kings with the language and bearing of a trader. It was forever preaching to the Hindoos the extent of its own power, and yet allowed the Great Mogul, the pensioner of its bounty, to treat its officers with as much contempt as his ancestors in their palmiest days had ever deigned to bestow on the early factors. As far as its limited means and limited time allowed it, it improved the material resources of the country. It made a few good roads and a few good canals, but with such a handful of European servants as it was compelled to scatter over the vast extent of its domains, it would have been absurd for it to have attempted to change the face of nature in eighty years. There was one thing, and one thing only which it did well, and that was, extend territory. How much of it was acquired by design, and how much as the result of the quarrels which invariably sprung out of contact between a civilized power and barbarous ones, we must leave the historian to tell. We only know that it has managed in an incredibly short space to bring under its sway one of the largest and richest empires in the world, and it reigned long enough over it to convince us that its forte did not lie in governing.

But it has other, and we might almost say tenderer claims on our affectionate remembrance than those attaching to the character of a wise ruler. It has drawn after it the prayers and blessings of thousands of English homes for more than four generations. With its fate has been linked the fate of hundreds of thousands who left vacant places at honest fire-sides, which owed none of their charm to rank or fortune. The democratic spirit which led its first founders to declare even to Queen Elizabeth, that 'they desired not to employ any *gentleman* in any place of charge,' characterized it to the last. Its victories were the victories of the English people, and its reverses were felt in plain English homes, as no reverses were ever felt before. When the royal army took the field, proud houses trembled; but when the Company's campaigns began, the

middle classes—the bone and sinew of the nation—waited in feverish expectation. No wars ever showed as its wars showed, what force lies sleeping in the heart of that great bourgeoisie; what heroes it can send to the field; what sages to the council-board; what fertility of resource, vigor in action, fortitude in calamity, shop-keeping John Bull can furnish on a pinch. It is impossible to glance over the list of great names, which in one period or other of its career were associated with it and its fortunes, without feeling grateful to a body, which, with all its faults, has shed so much glory on our race. To have been served and loved by such as served and loved it, would entitle worse powers than it to the same respect from any one who was proud of having English blood in his veins. For it Clive defended Arcot, and fought at Plassey; for it Coote won *Porte Novo*. In its service Arthur Wellesley gave the first indications of what fortune and skill had in store for him. It was on the field of Assaye, in command of the Company's troops, that he commenced the career of victory which thirty years later culminated in the sad glories of Waterloo. Gough and Hardinge both fought, and fought bravely for many a long year under the 'cold shade of aristocracy;' it was under the Company's banners that they won a name in history. It was for the Company that Charles Napier toiled most, fought most, and achieved most. He gained the great day of Moodkee in its service; and it was at its commander-in-chief, and in laboring for its welfare, that he most revealed to the world the workings of his proud, passionate, tender heart. It was for the Company he conquered Scinde, and governed it so well; and it was the mother of a Company's officer to whom, when her son was dismissed the service, that the general sent the price of his commission out of his own pocket, that the lad's folly might not bring the old lady to want. In the roll of its civil servants it has, if possible, still more to boast of. Clive was a great statesman as well as a great soldier. Hastings infused order into the chaos of conquest which Clive left behind him; and it was as the Company's viceroy that he was defended in the famous trial in which the Commons of England were the plaintiffs, the Peers of England the judges, in which Burke and Sheridan and Fox poured forth all the resources of their genius, while all the wit and beauty of the age listened in tears, and which has found in Macaulay a painter worthy of the scene and of the actors. The great historian has himself been the servant of the great corporation, and loved and defended it to the last. Nor is he the first literary celebrity who has worn its colors. Junius himself sat at the council-board in Calcutta; and Junius will have a place in English history almost as long as his employers. One of the two famous Mills has told the wondrous story of its rise; and another has devoted to its interests one of the subtlest and cleverest brains in England. There are few great men of the last fifty years of British history whose fortunes the Company has not done something to make or mar, who have derived no fame either from assailing or defending it.

Romantic as its story has been, there hangs round its last end a romance more thrilling than ever gilded the best years of its prime. It would be well for the memory of all conquerors if their deaths befitted their lives so well. Great and manifold as were the dangers and difficulties which assailed it through its whole career, they sink into insignificance when compared with those with which it contended successfully at the close. Triumphant over a thousand foes, its last battles and greatest victories were won over a foe which it had itself taught to conquer. Mahrattas, Sikhs, Rohillas, all the warrior races of the continent, had one by one gone down before Sepoy valor, and at last the Sepoys themselves turned on their old master, and turned in vain. The events of that awful struggle, at the close of which the Company disappeared from the list of rulers, are still fresh in our memories. Its friends will long boast that the devotion, skill, and bravery of its defenders were even more marked in its dying hours than its rise. Among the many great men who helped to build up the fabric of its power, there were none of which it had more reason to be proud than of Salkeld, and Nicholson, and Neill. And of the thousands who in those eighty eventful years met death on its battle-fields, some with the eyes of the world upon them, but the vast majority with no better consolation than the consciousness of faith well kept and duty well done, there were none who so illustrated its annals as the last and greatest of them all, Havelock of Lucknow. As long as the East-India Company is remembered, so long will the tale be told of that bloody march from Allahabad, in which the hour for which the old soldier waited for forty years in silence and patience, came at last. He had, through a long and noble life, borne the cross manfully; when he died within the walls of Lucknow, he wore the crown.

A S U M M E R N I G H T.

I FEEL the breath of the summer night,
 Aromatic fire:
 The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
 With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,
 Enamoured with light;
 And a thousand creatures softly sing
 A song to the night!

But I am alone, and cannot sing
 Praises to thee!
 O Night! unveil the beautiful soul
 That waiteth for me.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE STRATFORD GALLERY : OR THE SHAKSPEARE SISTERHOOD. Comprising forty-five ideal portraits, described by Mrs. HENRIETTA LEE PALMER. Illustrated with fine engravings on steel, from designs by eminent hands. One Volume, imperial octavo, in morocco antique, gilt, \$12. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THAT cunning critic of the ways and means of society, Mr. THACKERAY, in one of his minor pieces advises young men to cherish with especial heed the friendship and conversation of excellent women. In the multifarious literature of the present age, there is a large class of books designed to serve hardly any other purpose than that of social acquaintance. They add nothing to human learning in whatsoever department, solve no problems, furnish no statistics, contain no rotund development of any passion or opinion, and have almost no interest either for the mere scholar or the mere thinker. Whatsoever is said in them has been better stated before ; we can find the same ideas and sentiments more fairly and vigorously expressed on nearly every shelf in our library : and yet the best of such books are, and long have been, welcomed in the best households. As belonging to this class, may be reckoned a majority of all the new volumes of verses and new novels, of the articles in all magazines and reviews, and of all collections of historical and literary sketches. Such publications appear, weave a thread into the web of Destiny, and disappear. Like the persons from which they proceed, they figure for a moment upon the canvas of time, lend an influence of joy to the circle nearest them, then pass away, leaving to their friends a tender memory ; and the ripple which they had caused fades gradually from appearance, while the great current of human life moves majestically onward. Immortality is the rare exception, and life, death, and reproduction with kaleidoscopic changes, is the general law of books. For the most part, their destiny is as swift as that of the voices in a drawing-room. They change with every generation.

It is with reference to this likeness between society and literature, that we began by quoting Mr. THACKERAY. Many books must be reckoned as a part of the social system, rather than as aids in any scheme of thought or investigation. Such works may, and sometimes do, become standards, and delight successive generations ; and of such, the 'Stratford Gallery,' by Mrs. HENRIETTA PALMER, is a new and favorable example. Both from the subject and the tone of treatment, it dispenses a genial feminine influence ; and it falls about as

completely within the scope of Mr. THACKERAY's recommendation, as if it occupied an easy-chair, and uttered its sentiments by the voice instead of by type. The narrative and criticism are both delightfully *naïve* and simple, and have the charm of *esprit* without any ostentation of learning or technicality. Perhaps few persons would derive from it new conceptions of SHAKESPEARE, woman, tragedy, or comedy; yet no one could read it, and observe the pictures, without receiving genuine pleasure and invigoration. It would be an agreeable rather than important book, were it not that, considering to how many persons literature is and ought to be only a pleasure and not a laborious study, any work treating intelligently of SHAKESPEARE and written in a sprightly style, with excellent taste and a just enthusiasm, is certainly of importance.

It is curious that in reading this volume, devoted to the illustration of ideal women, we should constantly have been reminded of one of the most fundamental problems which at present occupy thinkers. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON believes that pure intellect is of the devil, or rather is the devil himself; that a character in which it predominates is predominantly diabolical; and that all the leading, and especially all the finer and better parts in life, are played by the instincts, the emotions, and the passions. Mr. BUCKLE, on the contrary, believes that the intellect is exclusively the important and characteristic element in mankind; that whatever else is quite accidental and immaterial; that social progress is precisely according to intellectual development; that men or women are admirable in proportion to the amount that they know and the quickness with which they perceive; that the mind and not the heart has hold on destiny; and that the millennium will be when every body shall know every thing. The question is not only between these two eminent gentlemen; but theologians have, in a similar manner, long been trying to find the fountain-head of human nature, and to settle whether its essential quality is of the intellect or the affections, whether reason or faith shall take the lead, and whether the formula *intellige ut credas*, or *crede ut intelligas*, be right. The unsuspecting authoress of the 'Stratford Gallery' will doubtless be astonished to be informed that she has entered the lists with philosophers and theologians, that she has taken part in a great scholastic dispute, and that her book may be quoted as one of the answers to BUCKLE's 'History of Civilization.'

Yet so it seems to us. Throughout the volume, wherever it was practicable, she has treated the characters according to the categories, of intellectuality and passionateness, uniformly liking those who are the more passionate, and disliking those who are the more intellectual. This is, indeed, a very delicate rebuff to Mr. BUCKLE, and compliment to Mr. BULWER and the Thirty-nine Articles.

A few instances may be selected. JULIET is duly admired as 'a woman whose emotions and manifestations are of primeval innocence and vigor, in whom love is the outward expression of an instinct as beautiful and holy as it is vehement.' And the next sentence clearly reveals the bent of the authoress: 'In nothing has SHAKESPEARE proved his wondrous skill more clearly than in this creation of a human being in whom sense asserts itself paramount over reason; indeed, whose only manifestations of intellect are the inspirations of exalted sentiment, a sensuously excited eloquence, and yet who is endowed

with such exquisite purity,' etc. The qualities most to be admired in *DESDEMONA* are her amiability and innocence; there was little of intelligence or heroism in her unfaltering trust; yet we find the charge of 'meagre intellectual endowments' disputed, and her force of character pronounced to have been 'sufficient.' The artlessness and submissiveness of her character are especially dwelt upon. The ardent and beautiful *IMOGEN* is esteemed the 'master-piece of all SHAKSPEARE'S wives,' and the features for which she is admired are her 'softness,' 'enchanting delicacy,' 'sensitive imagination and ardent emotions,' and for being 'almost *JULIET*-like in her extravagant fancies and highly-wrought imaginings.' These are brief specimens of the applause which is bestowed, generally with grace and justice, upon the passionate, instinctive, and simple-minded heroines.

Much more severely are SHAKSPEARE'S intellectual women dealt with. The authoress is quite shocked at *BEATRICE*, and by no means congratulates *BENEDICK* that he 'ever lived to be married.' She finds in her 'loud vivacity' 'no romantic susceptibility, no passion,' regards her fine railleries as only 'flippant affectations,' and thinks that her 'power of discomfiting others, proves a successful snare for her good taste and all the graceful effects of her tender breeding.' Surely, both the intellect and generosity of the sharp-tongued and sharp-minded lady seem to us not duly appreciated in the sketch, though her spirited defence of *HERO* is not forgotten. Lady *MACBETH* is fairly read out of the sex. 'She is that hateful accident, a masculine heart, soul, and brain, clothed with a feminine humanity.' *PORTIA*, the splendid and versatile *PORTIA*, is saved to the admiration of the authoress in a remarkable way, namely, by denying to her the 'possession of illustrious powers,' and conceding only cleverness — that 'nice dexterity in the adaptation of certain faculties to a certain end or aim, which is eminently graceful and feminine.' It seems implied here, as in many other places, that the intellectual faculties are unfeminine. Among the various good qualities which are afterward assigned to *PORTIA*, the wealth of her intellect is not one.

But the veritable *bête noire* of Mrs. PALMER, is *ISABELLA*. That she, who was about to take the veil, and only from sisterly love was induced to interest herself again for a moment in earthly things, does not exhibit more of human emotion in what she does, excites the severest execration. There is no beauty seen in the exquisite purity, the clear eye, the mild sententious wisdom with which the nun lingers on the threshold of another life to save an erring brother. Her composure, her moral grandeur, her bright though seemingly cold intellectual power command the most unwilling approbation of the authoress, who seems to us to appreciate far more perfectly the wayward instincts of *JULIET*, than the conduct of SHAKSPEARE'S high-principled *religieuse*.

In a single instance, Mrs. PALMER ventures critically to discuss the text. In the well-known and very perplexing passage of *JULIET*:

'SPREAD thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
That run-away's eyes may wink,' etc.;

commentators have never agreed about the meaning or the possibility of a meaning to the term *run-away's*. Many substitutions have been proposed, and all that has been written on the subject would form a good-sized volume. It

is pleasant to find the existing phrase supported by a process of argumentation, not ingenious but purely natural and which, if it does not remove all obscurity, is at least as satisfactory an interpretation of the passage as we have any where seen. To follow the reasoning would require too much of our space, and we can only state her conclusion, that the epithet applies neither to the sun nor the night, but to JULIET herself.

Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, the new editor of SHAKSPEARE, has declared that, 'to correct a single passage in SHAKSPEARE's text is glory enough for one man;' and that 'he who discovers the needful word for the misprint, *run-away's eyes*, will secure the honorable mention of his name as long as the English language is read and spoken.' To which, Mrs. PALMER introduces her very womanly explanation with becoming modesty.

'To rescue the same passage from unnecessary 'correction,' and keep out 'needful words' where no misprint is, should be glory enough for one woman; and without presuming to believe that the writer of this has succeeded where so many abler have failed, she may still venture to hope that the promised honor may yet fall to her sex. Where learning and research have been tried in vain, much faith should be reposed in the intuitive poetry, the quick, sympathetic understanding of a woman's heart, on a subject wherein her instincts are directly involved; and such an interpreter will not appeal in vain to the pure bridal mind of the JULIETS of to-day, for whose sympathetic understanding the passionate outburst of their SHAKSPEARIAN sister has utterances almost unutterably true.'

The volume contains much more interesting matter than we have been able to indicate; and it is eminently tasteful in the style, the portraits, and the mechanical execution — as a gift-book almost perfect.

WELLS'S SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL-BOOKS. I. SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS. II. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. III. PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. By DAVID A. WELLS, M.D. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

As these works, through various circumstances, are somewhat prominently before the public, we have examined them with interest, and our conclusions are most satisfactory. As elementary text-books for students, we believe they have no equals, and as books of familiar reference, they deserve a place in every family library. Concise, clear, and accurate, yet containing the latest results of scientific research and experiment, they have none of the dryness so generally characteristic of philosophical works; but page after page exhibits the beautiful workings and magnificent results of science in so attractive and lucid a manner, that the interest of the reader never wearies. Another feature of the series is also particularly noticeable; they begin at the beginning, with the most elementary principles, and do not take for granted what is professed to be taught.

As an illustration of the complete manner in which the several books have been brought up to the times, we notice for the first time, in a book on chemistry, an explanation of the manufacture of Russia sheet-iron, which, in popular es-

timation, is a profound secret, so jealously guarded by the Russian government, that foreigners have hitherto been unable to obtain any information on the subject. According to Mr. W., however, this current belief has no foundation; and the method of preparing the iron in question is well known. It is in the first instance a very pure article, rendered exceedingly tough and flexible by refining, while its bright glossy surface is partially a silicate and partially an oxide of iron, and is produced by passing the hot sheets, moistened with a solution of wood-ashes, through polished steel rollers.

As was to be expected from their high character, we learn that their success has been very great, and that they have rapidly found their way into the best schools and seminaries in all parts of the country. Mr. WELLS, the author of these works, is well known to the public as a man of scientific attainments, and as the editor and originator of the 'Annual of Scientific Discovery,' which has become a popular institution. He also has the indorsement of the best scientific authorities.

ERNESTIN: OR THE HEART'S LONGING. By ALETH. New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER. 1858.

THAT young English poet, who once ejaculated his purpose

‘to sing of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers mighty things,’

had a very modest muse indeed, as compared with that of the authoress of '*Ernestin*.' Rarely has either epic or romance produced a volume so full of that sublimity which goes just one step too far. The story opens with 'emotion in heaven' and the 'voice of the unutterable BEING,' and it closes with 'perfected natures.' At first, it 'floats in the invisible ether, amid the myriad stars of a system, whereof the faintest glimmer never will be reached by lens of human sage,' and it treats us to a 'volant ship,' drifting 'with suspended oars between the island stars,' till it 'came to where seven vast planets appeared to circle round the central radiance.' Its first hero is an angel, whose first act is to shed a tear, which 'dropped through the blue ether, and appeared to the inhabitants of earth a shooting star.' Its second hero is 'the great archangel, sitting 'mid the farther stars, solitary, sleepless,' each feather of whose 'plumage' is 'like chiseled gold rendered various in hue by chemic art, and interstudded with all lustrous gems.' This second personage began what it would seem must have been a highly dangerous journey among 'the mighty globes that circled there unceasing, rolling over and over, and over ever, with a noise louder than to mortal ears a thousand whirlwinds, or the roar reduplicate of gathered thunders,' and which, 'as they circled onward in their erratic orbits, gave out fires like mazy lightnings, which crossed their crooked flashes above, beneath him, every where, that he seemed to fly as in a net-work of flame.'

Beneath these wonderful astronomical and mythological scenes, there are, however, some persons and events which are intended to be human; but they are not such examples of humanity as are found any where out of the worst

sort of novels. The work contains nothing simple, genial, or pleasant, nothing at all after the manner of living men and women. The style, where it is not worse, is merely vapid common-place. How pregnant of wit it is, may be inferred from the following, which was deemed important enough to be added in a note: 'Of SHAKESPEARE, as a man, we know but little; but we cannot doubt that he spoke, and looked and moved, a man. If he did not, he was an anomaly.'

The style and matter, however, have worse qualities than that of vapidity. There are throughout repulsive offences against any due religious sense or moral delicacy. Highly-wrought prayers, quoting the stars, the 'awful thunder,' the 'astounding lightning,' 'the rain that is Thy music,' the 'abyss of error,' and the 'wings of mercy,' are inserted in the midst of scenes that disgrace the earth. The volume is a uniform dribble of tears, sighs, oaths, and undisciplined impulses: it is without distinction of parts, or variations in tone and quality from page to page; and it has no value either in respect of good sense or happy execution.

The authoress displays some learning, quotes Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, and discusses SOCRATES, MACHIAVELLI, ALFIERI, and LORD BYRON; but she has not shown herself capable of writing an agreeable, pithy English sentence.

ISABELLA ORSINI: A HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By F. D. GUERRAZZI, author of 'BEATRICE CENCI.' Translated from the Italian by LUIGI MONTI, A.M., Instructor in Italian at Harvard University, Cambridge. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON. 1859.

THIS novel, the production of a prominent Italian statesman of the present time, is much superior to most works of its class, as a display of intellectual power. The characters are boldly and vividly delineated, and the events are picturesquely related in a well-compacted and simple plot. A fine mind, and in many respects an excellent taste, are shown throughout the work. The historical value of all historical novels is very slight; but yet a person who knew nothing of Italian history in the sixteenth century before reading this volume, would be a little less ignorant of it after reading it. It is by an oversight, that the title-page refers its scene to the fifteenth century, since all the historical events and characters of which it treats belong to about the middle of the sixteenth century. We have been unable to discover for what artistic reason so long an account of the battle of Lepanto, comprising thirty almost unbroken pages, should have been introduced into it.

With many remarkable merits, it has also one fundamental and pervading defect. The novel at present, more than any other variety of literature, becomes a household book, and in some sort a member of the family. It furnishes a large part of the intellectual pleasure of very many readers, and is a considerable element in our social and literary culture. The story of ISABELLA ORSINI is a story of dark crimes. Murder, and outrages which lead to murder, form the whole staple of the plot. Every thing in the volume is vigorously and boldly conceived, but almost every thing in it too is criminal. Italian heroes and Italian horrors seem convertible terms.

EDITOR'S TABLE

'HAVE WE A NAPOLEON SECOND AMONG US?'—We beg leave to assure Mr. WILLIAMS, Junior, son of the late Rev. ELEAZER WILLIAMS, now acting-pilot of a Lake Winnebago steamer, that his claim to the throne of France, as successor to his father, is one which will be resisted by a power behind the present throne, greater than the throne itself. The reigning head of the branch of OLIVER CROMWELL'S family, now living in Madison county, Mississippi, has as good a prospect of mounting the throne of England, once occupied by his progenitor, the immortal PRETENDER. 'For why?' Because, according to a most veracious correspondent, who rolls himself up in a ball of irrefragable argument in support of his case, as he goes along, '*We have a Napoleon Second among Us!*' There is 'no mistake about it.' Let us reduce and introduce our correspondent's story: He says that one pleasant Sunday in July, being at a 'meeting' of the Lebanon Shakers, at their 'North House,' he was struck with the astonishing resemblance which one of the Brethren bore to NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, with whose family-features, during a long residence in Europe, he had been familiar, especially with LOUIS NAPOLEON, whom he had 'often met face to face.' He found this impression had been made upon all to whom he had spoken, who had visited the Shakers on their worship-days, or encountered the individual referred to alone in the long street of the village. A broken-legged accident (he was 'threw from a horse,' and fractured his right lower 'limb') caused him to be 'taken up' and conveyed to the nearest family-house of the Brethren. And here it was that he became acquainted with 'Brother JOSEPH,' as he was called, who used to visit him, and hold long talks with him. One evening, in the course of conversation, the invalid spoke of his great resemblance to NAPOLEON. An answering smile excited his curiosity, and caused him to press for a reply. One by one, the particulars were drawn away from 'Brother JOSEPH,' a few of which we now proceed to set forth:

'THE student of French history will remember that the Emperor NAPOLEON was married to MARIE LOUISA on the eleventh day of March, eighteen hundred

and ten. The King of Rome was born early in eighteen hundred and eleven. It is the received opinion, that after the fall of his father in eighteen hundred and fourteen, he was transferred to Vienna, and there educated under the *paternal* superintendence of the Austrian Court: and that he finally died, a victim to the dissipation taught and encouraged by his loving relatives. This is the tale by which the world has long been deluded. Its truth will appear from the following facts: After the fatal termination of the Russian campaign, the battle of Leipsic, and the entrance of the Allies into France, BONAPARTE found himself compelled to abdicate. He foresaw that he should be banished from France, and his wife and child become prisoners of the Allies. He had no fears for his wife, but he felt that the life of his son, the heir to his crown, would not be safe in the power of the Austrians: that they would never suffer him to reach maturity; fearing, and with justice, lest the French people should one day rally round the son of their great EMPEROR, drive out the Bourbons, and place *him* upon the throne of his father. He determined to confide the child to some tried and faithful servant, who should escape with him to America, while an infant of the same age should, with the consent of the EMPRESS, be substituted for her child. This arrangement was carried out. The child was intrusted to LOUIS POINER, an old soldier of the Guard, whose fidelity had been proved amid the sands of Egypt and the snows of Russia. POINER succeeded in escaping. He sailed from Rochefort early in May, eighteen hundred and fourteen, in a small American brig, called the '*Ann-Eliza*.' After a tedious passage, the exiles landed safely in Boston, in July of the same year. They remained there during five or six months. POINER then determined to remove into the interior of the State, where the chances of discovery would be less, and his moderate means would go farther toward their support. He had picked up a smattering of our language from the English prisoners in France, and without much difficulty he made his way through the interior; sometimes in the stage-coach, sometimes on foot, until he reached the town of Pittsfield, in the western part of the State, then an inconsiderable village. Here he resided for several years, often in great distress; for, as may be supposed, the remittances from the EMPEROR, during his exile in Elba, the short period of his power in France, and his imprisonment on the rock of St. Helena, were always delayed, and in fact, often failed to reach him at all.

'When the young prince was nine years of age, POINER confided to him the secret of his birth. He showed him letters from the EMPEROR: he gave him one addressed to himself, written years before, with a direction indorsed that it was to be delivered to his son when old enough to comprehend its meaning, and realize its importance. In this letter the EMPEROR spoke of his approaching exile; of his certainty that the life of his son would not be safe in the power of the Austrians; and of his determination to send him, in charge of POINER, to America; there to remain in retirement until the day should come, 'and come it would,' when France should rouse from her sleep, hurl her imbecile rulers from the throne, and call upon *his* son to fill the place of his father, and lead her to victory, to vengeance, and to renown. The letter concluded with an injunction to place all confidence in what was told him by POINER, and implicitly to obey his directions.'

This letter, and others written by the EMPEROR himself, and by his confidential secretary, the Count DE MONTHOLON, are unfortunately lost. They were

lost, however, through no carelessness of the owner; for aware of their great importance, he guarded them with the most jealous care. The account of their being *stolen*, however, by a mysterious and mustached emissary of LOUIS PHILIPPE, is very circumstantial and very conclusive: but as the letters were stolen in January, and the Agent of the KING could not well have reached France before the end of February, when the KING was himself an exile, 'Brother JOSEPH,' we are told, hopes that the letters have not been given up and destroyed. Perhaps the offer of a large reward might still procure their restoration. Of their *former* existence, however, there can be no doubt. Perhaps the post-master at Pittsfield, of the years eighteen hundred and fifteen to eighteen hundred and twenty, if he be still living, may remember the constant and anxious inquiries for letters by an elderly Frenchman, mustached, scarred, and weather-beaten, with an erect, military bearing. Foreigners were not then so numerous in our inland villages as to pass unnoticed. But to return to the narrative:

'The young prince was about ten when POINER died, leaving him but a small sum of money for his support. This was soon exhausted: no farther remittances arrived; and he was thrown upon his own resources. After suffering from want, he was induced by the persuasions of some of the Shakers, with whom he fell in at Pittsfield, to join their community. It assured him at least a home, and the necessities of life. Here he grew up to man's estate; became attached to his faith; and remained in quiet retirement, until the time when I made his acquaintance. During this long period, but one event of interest had interrupted the even tenor of his life. *That*, however, was an event of much significance.'

This event was nothing less than a visit to Brother JOSEPH from LOUIS NAPOLEON, at that time in this country, who went up to Lebanon to induce him to 'sign off' in his favor, which 'Brother JOSEPH' declined peremptorily to do; but 'the parties separated on good terms.' In fact, it seems as if there could be no better terms than what 'the parties' separated on. But we think it would only have been prudent for 'Brother JOSEPH' to have kept a copy of the document which LOUIS NAPOLEON wanted him to sign. It was handsome to look at, being 'engrossed on vellum, with the Imperial Eagle attached — a splendid-looking bird.' The narrative proceeds:

'Thus far, it will be observed, that the proof of the identity of 'Brother JOSEPH' with the King of Rome, rests principally upon his own credibility. Were this all, although his character for truth is undoubted, and in a question of veracity between LOUIS NAPOLEON and a Shaker, the world would give the preference to the latter, still this narrative would not have been written. Fortunately, however, the story is confirmed by many curious circumstances. Each perhaps of little importance in itself, but which taken together, form a mass of proof difficult to be withstood. Marks upon the person, articles in his possession, his knowledge of the French language, and above all, his singular likeness to the BONAPARTE family, all strongly confirm the accuracy of his account.

'I pass over as unworthy of record in a serious article of this character, his dreamy recollections of his early youth; the rich uniforms by which he was

surrounded; elegantly-dressed ladies; a large room filled with pictures of men in coats covered with embroidery and stars—possibly the *Salle-des-Marchaux*; a park or garden, with fountains, flowers, and marble statues, with children playing—probably the Tuileries. I do not consider these reminiscences as *proof*; for all experience shows, that if the memory is taxed to recall events which it is our interest should have happened, the scene soon passes before the mind. Imagination is mistaken for memory. Not so, however, with the proofs I shall record. No imagination can detect *marks upon the person* which do not exist. No imagination can hear the French tongue, where the English only is spoken.

‘It is probably known to every reader at all familiar with the history of NAPOLEON, that the young King of Rome, while playing with an open knife carelessly left in the room, had the misfortune to inflict a severe wound upon his hand. The wound was upon the second joint of the fore-finger of the left hand. Strange as it may appear, *a scar, evidently from a cut*, is to be found upon the same finger of ‘Brother JOSEPH’s left hand. What will the skeptic urge to *this*? True, that in the bounds of human possibility such a thing *might* happen, as that two individuals, both in youth, both of the same age, and in different hemispheres, *might* inflict precisely similar wounds upon themselves, in precisely the same spot, of precisely the same size, of the same form, and with the same instrument. But though *possible*, this is so *improbable*, that the candid reader will not give it a moment’s consideration. Identity of lost children has been established, crime has been detected and furnished, upon less convincing evidence than this: as the narratives of JAMES, and the singular facts recorded by AINSWORTH, will conclusively show. The *improbability* of so remarkable a coincidence must be acknowledged. Should it be objected to the inference I have drawn from the above curious circumstance, that a wound inflicted in such early youth would leave no scar, I reply that several of our most distinguished surgeons who have examined the mark, do not hesitate to say, and would doubtless give their certificate to that effect, that this wound was unquestionably inflicted in early youth. Peculiar appearances of the skin, a slight elevation, or a slight depression, a trifling discoloration, invisible to the common eye, enables the intelligent surgeon to tell to a day the date of the wound, the instrument with which it was inflicted, the metal of which the instrument was made, the sharpness of the edge, and in some cases, it is said, even the name of the maker. For this, however, I cannot vouch. This knowledge is often, as in the present instance, of almost inestimable value. Its importance is only exceeded by its accuracy.

‘The learned physicians to whom I have referred, have also found a curious mark upon the inside of the elbow-joint of Brother ‘JOSEPH’s left arm: a similar mark we know to have been upon the arm of the King of Rome. But as this mark, though much commented upon by the physicians, and pronounced by them to be singular in its shape, size, and color, may possibly have been the result of *vaccination*, I shall not pause upon it. The *improbability* of a poor boy at Pittsfield being vaccinated in the year eighteen hundred and twenty, will suggest itself to every reader. The coincidence of these marks, it will be readily conceded, is remarkable. But, (what makes the whole argument conclusive, and precludes reply,) in the very accurate and particular *proces verbal* drawn

up upon the examination of the body of the supposed King of Rome, *no mention whatever is made of these marks !**

'Farther: 'Brother JOSEPH' has in his possession a trunk of the form and size of the ordinary French packing-box. It is a common-looking trunk, having nothing in its appearance to awaken suspicion: and yet a careful examination of the inner side of the lid discloses the name and residence of the maker, almost obliterated by time. *This name is French — and the residence is the Rue St. Honoré, Paris!* This trunk, or box, has been in the possession of 'Brother JOSEPH' as long as he can remember; and proof is not wanting that he brought it with him when he joined the Shakers. Now, the idea that a French trunk was to be purchased in Pittsfield previous to the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, is an absurdity which no reader of sense will for a moment think of entertaining. In this trunk are contained several articles which go far to confirm the story, so singularly proved by the trunk itself. Among others, parts of an infant's clothing, and a medal, or coin. The clothing is such as is worn by children two or three years of age: a plain, white dress, but trimmed with lace of the most costly description, such as could have belonged only to an infant of a noble or royal family. Upon the skirt of the dress, in large size, and beautifully executed, is embroidered the Imperial 'N.' It requires no active imagination to draw the inference to whom this dress must have belonged.

'I have spoken of a certain medal, or coin. It is of silver, about the size of a dollar, and much worn. On one side is the head of the EMPEROR, on the other can barely be distinguished a wreath of lilies and the letter 'N.' It is *possible* that this may not be a medal; simply a coin: perhaps even a five-franc piece. I am confident, however, that this is not so. But granting it to be the case, the circumstance is still most remarkable. This medal, or coin, has been in possession of 'Brother JOSEPH' over thirty years. Now is it not absurd to suppose that he could have received it in exchange thirty years ago, at an inconsiderable place like Pittsfield, when foreign coin was scarcely to be found in the large commercial cities? The supposition is ridiculous. And if he had so received it, would he not have spent it long since, when suffering from want, after the death of POINER? Where nothing can be known with certainty, we must infer the probable conduct of an individual from the known conduct of others under similar circumstances. Is it not then the natural inference, that if this medal, or coin, had been looked upon by 'Brother JOSEPH' as mere money, it would have been spent long ago for the necessities of life?

'His knowledge of the French language: is *this* common among the Shakers? Search all the establishments of the sect from Maine to Missouri; examine every member of the persuasion, male or female, and I doubt if, *with one exception*, a single individual can be produced who can speak ten words of that tongue. Where was he to acquire it? French teachers were not plentiful in Pittsfield in eighteen hundred and twenty. Had there been a regiment of them, it would have been a difficult matter for a poor boy, who needed food and clothing more than French, to have procured their instruction. His pronunciation too is not that of a foreigner acquiring French. His knowledge of the words of the language is limited — probably he has forgotten them — but the accent is pure.

'Were it my object merely to 'make out a case,' I might dwell upon 'brother

* SEE the work of the learned HERMAN BOELKERINS, published in Vienna. The censors forbade its translation into French.

JOSEPH's name — JOSEPH ! What more probable than that the EMPEROR, at a loss to decide under what name his son should pass, should have selected this ? — a name not so uncommon as to excite attention, nor yet so common as to be lost among the multitude of JOHNS, THOMASES, and WILLIAMS. *The name of the Emperor's elder brother* : a tie to bind him to his family in a distant land, and to form one link in the chain of evidence to lead to his recognition on some happier day. It was no *chance* which dictated the selection of this name. The same forethought which snatched his child from the talons of Austria dictated its choice. I throw out this, however, merely as a suggestion. I am aware that a strictly logical mind, accustomed to sift evidence, and to weigh testimony, would hardly consider it as *proof*.

‘If the facts which I have already offered have failed to shake the incredulity of the skeptic, the last and most important testimony I shall adduce, cannot fail to stagger his disbelief. I allude of course to ‘Brother JOSEPH’s resemblance to NAPOLEON. This resemblance must strike the most unobserving ; and I can only ascribe it to a want of acquaintance among our people with the features of the EMPEROR, that it has not before been recorded. The same prominent, thoughtful forehead ; the same cold, reflective gray eye ; the same small mouth ; the lips thin and firmly compressed ; and above all, the same bold, aquiline nose : a nose, be it remarked, not the common aquiline protuberance common upon the Continent, but less marked in its prominence, and more delicate in its chiseling : the nostrils thin, and easily dilated with scorn or passion. The nose, at all times a marked feature, is in the BONAPARTE family most distinctive.

‘The resemblance in the figure too is remarkable. When standing, ‘Brother JOSEPH’ strikes the observer as a short man : when seated, he is of at least average height. This peculiarity of the BONAPARTES has often been observed. In LOUIS NAPOLEON it is marked : in ‘Brother JOSEPH’ it is so striking as to be almost ridiculous. It was to be expected, that if the nephew had this trait of the great EMPEROR, the son should possess it in a still greater degree. This, too, is not a common characteristic among men. Let the reader search among his whole circle of acquaintance, however extensive, and I doubt if he can point to a single individual distinguished by this trait. Find two persons thus marked, however widely separated, locally or socially, and the inference is irresistible that the same blood flows in their veins.

‘It is not my object in these pages to establish the claims of ‘Brother JOSEPH’ to the throne of France. He is contented with his lot, and has no desire to exchange his happy obscurity for the anxieties and dangers of a crown. LOUIS NAPOLEON, too, holds *his* position, not by virtue of his birth, but by the choice of the French people. How that choice was effected, whether it was free or forced, I cannot here inquire. An ardent republican, I still look forward to the day when the principles of civil and religious liberty will triumph over the active hostility of the despots of Russia and Austria, and the passive indifference of the French people. Should the revelations here made shake the throne of the EMPEROR of the French, and so contribute to this glorious result, my purpose will have been fully attained.’

This appears to us conclusive : and yet we hear that the head male-descendant of the late ISAAC T. HOPPER, a well-known Quaker of this city, (who, in his little cocked hat and tight short-breeches, was the exact counterpart of the ‘Little Captain,’) is about to ‘contest’ LOUIS NAPOLEON’s ‘seat,’ on the argument of ‘strong personal resemblance !’

LESSONS OF THE SPIRIT OF FISTICUFFS.—It is useless to try to ignore a 'patent' subject, in a periodical like the *KNICKERBOCKER*, which is an 'abstract and brief chronicle of the time.' We write on this nineteenth day of October, in our quiet sanctum at Cedar-Hill Cottage, looking out upon the smooth Hudson, and the hazy autumnal villa-sprinkled shores beyond: and yet to-morrow, two PUGILISTS, men of 'renown,' enter the gladiatorial circle in the QUEEN'S adjoining realm of the Canada Provinces, Upper and 'Lower.' We never beheld a prize-fight: we never but once saw even a 'sparring-match,' a glove 'duel,' in a PICKWICKIAN sense, at a metropolitan theatre, 'for one night only.' It was Mr. BENJAMIN CAUNT, from England, who had given and received severe punishment in the British islands and coasts adjacent. His antagonist, if he might be so termed, was a person from the village of Brooklyn, (which, of a clear day, can be discerned with the naked eye, upon the eastern shore of the 'East River,' so called, extending some distance, from the various points, into the contiguous Gowanus, Wallabout, and Long-Island country.) This person's name was JEROLIMAN: a Brooklyn purveyor of the fleshly substantial of every-day life; of excellent character, and esteemed of all who knew him. But ambition was his ruin, on the occasion to which we allude. He had had manly bouts at the 'manly science,' in a friendly way, with certain of his stalwart contemporaries in the trade, and with vigorous customers, who thrived upon the meat which they fed on from his hands, and were by these means enabled to encounter him in single combat. Mr. BENJAMIN CAUNT, of England, fresh from his blood-bought laurels, met him upon the boards of the 'Metropolitan Theatre' at that era. The English CHAMPION entered. His legs were sturdy, but not a 'study.' They were not for 'closet' contemplation. They 'stood out,' as puzzled connoisseurs say of a portrait, when they can say nothing else to flatter a faithful portrait-painter. His nose was not even passable, for it had no bridge: but his knotty and combined head was as firmly imbedded between his shoulders 'as a ship-of-war in the mud of the Potomac:' also he had a large tract of uncultivated country below the short skull-hair under each ear — and-an-half: for part of the rim of *one* had been carried away in a former engagement. Mr. JEROLIMAN entered on the other side: the contestants were clad alike: buff short-clothes; opera-shoes, with the latest 'ties;' whitish gloves, but apparently of an unusual size. Mr. JEROLIMAN stood unarchitecturally, as was remarked by a gentleman near us, upon his pins. However, our attention was abstracted for a moment by an individual in a very handsome white overcoat, and a colored scarf, of variegated and bright colors, who exclaimed, in a quick and vehement accent, 'TIME!' There was an approach of the combatants — a meeting — a mutual jerk of the head of each — 'an out-go,' as we heard it designated, from the hand of 'the CHAMPION of England' — and Mr. JEROLIMAN, keeling over and over, like unto a wheel, as it struck us, and as we thought it also struck him, disappeared through a side-scene, only to reappear for a moment, remonstrating against an 'advantage' that had been taken of him, and pointing to his nose, profusely bleeding, as an incontestable and gradually-enlarging evidence of the fact.

And this, reader, is our only experience, our only observation, of *any* exhibition of the 'manly art of self-defence' in this country.

But we had it in our mind to allude at this moment to an article now before us, from a Scottish gazette of high character and extensive circulation, namely, '*Chambers' Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*' That a Scottish periodical should be as ignorant as ourselves of '*The Sporting World, and What It Is,*' did in some degree surprise us. The editors take up, for example, a single number of '*Bell's Life in London,*' and with its multitudinous sporting announcements, of every variety and description, for a theme, proceed to make various comments upon sundry extracts from its columns, by way of a concentrated text. But let the editors go back for a few years, and in one of the most popular periodical works (then and now) of their own city, see how CHRISTOPHER NORTH and his confrères spoke of *one* part of what the 'Sporting World' is, in the Noctes Ambrosianæ — namely, '*The Ring,*' with all its revolting characteristics. Talk of '*Nigger*' coming up lively to the scratch: how did they expand, bourgeois, ripen into exultant admiration of the 'manly art of self-defence,' as exhibited in the battle between CURB and MOLYNEUX? How did they praise BYRON'S 'pluck,' (and 'British instinct of manly fair play,') for taking lessons of JACKSON, the pugilist? Let '*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*' look back a little to the ancient records of its past peers, and of its present compeers, and assuage the freshest of its assumed ignorance, as not consonant with the general character of Scottish appreciation. But this apart: let us take the lesson as it comes — and it is a good one. We present but few passages, and they are brief: but how truly they 'tell the whole story' to all who feel that God has not made them *animals* merely, to 'travel on their muscle' through this wonderful and instructive world. We have spoken of '*Fistiana:*' and it is to *that* branch of '*The Sporting World*' that the subjoined excerpts refer:

'ONE great peculiarity of the ring is the anonymous character of almost all its heroes at the commencement of their profession: they seem to be quite content to lose all individuality in a name such as 'the Novice,' or even do without a name at all. For instance: 'ALEC KEENE has an old man, fifty-eight years of age; he will back to fight JESSE HATTON for ten pounds, or twenty pounds, a side, at catch-weight.' Our own weight, although we are far from stout, is certainly not what we should understand by 'catch-weight;' so we suppose there must be some non-natural meaning attached to this term: but apart from that, who would like, at fifty-eight years of age, to be ALEC KEENE's or any body else's old man? . . . How strange it seems that while Mr. BENJAMIN CAUNT here is expressing a wish to back his ENTHUSIASTIC POTBOY against any man in the world at nine stone eight pounds for two hundred sovereigns, TOPPER BROWN, Esq., should be also advertising in the same column his willingness to accommodate any man in the world at nine stone six pounds! Surely this trifling difference of two pounds should not be allowed to keep asunder heroes like these. There is a certain ELASTIC POTBOY, of little less repute, who will afford, next Monday, in donning the gloves with JOHNNY WALKER, 'a treat in himself, independently of all other considerations.' It would be tedious to narrate the many attractions of the boxing boudoir, here so much extolled, at all of which the *Bibliotheca Pugilistica* is kept for reference; and where *Fistiana* and *the Fights for the Championship* are to be had at the bar. Tedious, too, to tell where the best sing-songs at the east-end are held nightly, and where are the snuggest snuggeries at the west; where the Lancashire champion step-dancer holds his harmonic meetings; or

where the Indian club and Sir CHARLES NAPIER feat are imparted upon moderate terms. Let us rather take a glance, once for all, at the ring itself, to which these others are but mere ministers and accessories. What a peculiar phraseology it has, and yet how thoroughly understood of the people! Neither foot-note nor marginal reference is considered necessary to elucidate a statement of the following kind: 'Seventh round — the *Nigger* came up looking five ways for Sunday.'

'Now, what was Sunday to the Nigger, or the Nigger to Sunday, that he should be so superfluous as to look for it in five several directions? One would have thought it would have been about the very last thing with which this gentleman would have concerned himself, and that which he would know least what to do with when he had found. But the phrase is in common use, it seems, to express the confusion and 'all abroadness' consequent upon having head and eyes punched to excess in the previous rounds. The weakness of the *Nigger* was such, we are told, that he 'could not make a dint in a pound of butter' — also a pugilistic phrase, and not, as might be supposed, the result of an ingenious experiment proposed by his seconds or other interested persons. He 'had his ruby drawn,' and was then caught up and dashed violently upon the ground by his opponent, the *Young 'Un*, who, however, 'with the greatest generosity, declined to fall upon him.' Honor to the brave! The *Nigger* was so punished, we read on, that had not his bottom been of the very first quality, the sponge would most certainly have been thrown up, even at this early period. He had 'to spar for wind.' We have heard of whistling for a wind in extreme nautical emergencies; but this picture of a black man so faint with heat that he has to impart a rotatory or fan-like movement to his fists for the sake of air, is really terrible. Perhaps it was for time only in which to recover breath; at all events, he sparred for wind, but the *Young 'Un* got home heavily upon his occiput, (there is no place like home,) and then knocked him clean out of time by a hit under the left ear.' Does this fearful sentence mean that the younger of the two antagonists destroyed the other's power of discriminating melody, or that he absolutely killed, launched into eternity, as the chroniclers of the executions have it, this poor black person; who, never let us forget, is a man and a brother, when the hat is going round for the beaten man — beaten because he was knocked out of time — and hence, perhaps, the expression 'knocked into the middle of next week,' or, more poetically, 'wrapped into future times,' and could not recover in the minute allowed between the rounds. The *Young 'Un*, who was the favorite from the first, must, it is written, have rocked the gold cradle to some purpose, so many of his handkerchiefs having been distributed before the fight began, upon the usual terms — a sovereign if he won, and nothing if he lost.

'This, we suppose, must be the somewhat illegitimate offspring of that chivalrous custom of the knights of old, who always got possession, if they could, of their fair ladies' kerchiefs to wear upon their helmets: but a pound apiece seems certainly a very long price for them. Besides this graceful distribution of what, we are distressed to say, are elsewhere denominated 'wipes,' there is another curious piece of delicacy in this account of the late fight between Mr. BENJAMIN CAUNT and Mr. NATHANIEL LANGHAM. 'BEN,' we read, 'barring his mug, was a study for a sculptor; his powerful legs being set off to the best advantage by *pink silk stockings* and well-fitting drawers.' Why, one would think the man was going to dance a ballet, instead of subjecting himself to such excessive ill-treatment as this: 'NAT fiddled him to within due distance,' 'popped his larboard daddle on his jowl,' 'nailed him prettily on the left squinter,' 'got sharply on to his tenor-trap,' 'dropped smartly on to his snorer,' 'set his warbler bleeding;' and, in fact, rendered the whole of his features as unrecognizable physically, as they must appear to any exclusive reader of MESSRS. ADDISON and STEELE. Still, we think, we would rather be even prize-fighters than wrestlers, who are subject to such conditions as these: 'Two back-falls out of three, Lancashire fashion; no hanging allowed, catch as catch can, in pumps and drawers. The spikes not to exceed a quarter of an inch in length.' The generosity of the *Young 'Un* before men-

tioned, in not throwing himself upon his prostrate antagonist, pales, in our opinion, before the humanity of this regulation. Think of 'drawers,' 'spikes of a quarter of an inch long,' (only,) and 'catch as catch can!'

The following is out of the 'milling' range, we take it: it belongs not, as we understand, to the 'manly art' which we have been considering: but as 'some' among the multitudinous 'matters and things' which are mentioned, commented upon, and Sawneyistically satirized in '*Chambers*', we infer that our Yankee readers have as good a right to 'guess' as to 'what it's all about,' as any 'Britisher' whatsoever:

'WHAT is 'Nurr and Spell,' at which TOMMY STEPHENSON of Wortley is open to play any man sixty years of age for five pounds a side, providing he will give him ten score in thirty-one rises? Also, is there any man short of a bird-fancier who can translate this? 'J. ARNOLD, of the 'Rising Sun, Stoke Newington, will match his goldfinch against any other for five pounds, for the best and most slamming of a goldfinch, also mule one in the month for the same sum.' Mule one in the month! What possible misprint or assemblage of misprints could have produced this? Here is something like a pigeon: 'THOMAS MILLER's checkered cock will fly R. WALL's black cock, PODGERS' sandy cock, or JOHN DAWSON's white cock, or will take a quarter of a minute's start of THOMAS LEECH's blue cock, all from North Shields station.' Also: 'SAMUEL BINNS of Bradford, is surprised, after what has occurred, at seeing JOHN SHANNIK's challenge of Lamberhead Green: if he really *means flying*, let him send a deposit to *Bell's Life*, and articles to DAVY DEACON's at once.'

'And what brought all this into our mind, at this time? — and how came it here?' Nothing in the world, but sitting this morning on our beautiful sanctum-piazza, looking off, over the the thick cedar screen, upon the bosom of the peaceful Hudson, and the sweet scenes beyond, and reflecting that to-morrow Mr. MORRISSEY and Mr. HEENAN were to engage in' one of the MODERN CRUSADES.

THE STORY OF CARAUSIUS, THE DUTCH AUGUSTUS.—We cannot better foreshadow the character of a work evincing the most comprehensive research and unwearying assiduity, than by quoting its entire title:

'THE Story of CARAUSIUS, the Dutch AUGUSTUS and Emperor of Britain and the Seas; and of Holland's mighty share in the defeat of the INVINCIBLE ARMADA: likewise, THE LIVES of the DUTCH ADMIRALS, from their monuments and the medals erected to their memory and struck in their honor by the 'DIERBAAR VADERLAND,' collected, collated, and translated by a Descendant of that Race who once gave an AUGUSTUS to the world and an Emperor to Britain; CARAUSIUS, (A.D. 285-'7—292-'4) twice preserved the Religion and Liberty of England; (in 1588 and in 1688) thrice played a decisive part in Albion's greatest Naval Triumphs; (at Sluys, 1340; La Hogue, 1692; and Algiers, 1816:) ever maintained the Independence of the Anglo or true Saxon Family, and compelled tyrants to respect the rights of man; whose representative THE DUTCH NATION, made the wide world the witness of their grandeur; splendor which knew no limits but the poles, the zenith and the depth of that element upon which they founded their state and harvested their wealth: a race to whom the ocean was a Friend, an Ally, a Preserver, and a Benefactor; won by their patient vigor, and retained by their valor and enterprise. By J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The proceedings of the great *Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Property*, held at Brussels in September, have been made public in English and American journals. There would seem to be little reason to doubt, that great good will ensue from the deliberations and action of this important Convention. It was the business of the assemblage to *discuss* the subjects before them only, and to advise such *legislation* in relation thereto, as should be deemed proper. It was decided, among other things, by a very large majority of the body, that the right of an author in his works should extend to fifty years after his death. The remainder of the discussions of the Congress turned upon various details of the proposed legislation. Our American delegate to the Congress, FREDERIC S. COZZENS, Esq., so well known to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, was elected a Vice-President by acclamation, and acquitted himself with his accustomed ability. *Apropos* of Mr. COZZENS: we cannot *resist* the inclination to quote a few passages from a familiar, gossiping epistle, just received from our old friend and correspondent, dated 'The Hague, October Fourth.' It is exceedingly '*Sparrowgrass*' and characteristic: and we trust there is no impropriety in permitting our readers to share with us the great pleasure which we, in common with a few select friends, have enjoyed in its perusal:

'MY DEAR CLARK: Here I am in Holland. I promised you a letter—here it is. Of course this country reminds me of our KNICKERBOCKER Magazine; of the Saint NICHOLAS Society; of WASHINGTON IRVING; of long pipes, long speeches, gin-punch, Dr. SCHOONMAKER, orange ribbons, VERPLANCK's cockéd-hat, HENDRIK HUDSON, and my own beloved 'lust-haus' on the bank of the river that bears the name of the famous skipper of the 'Haalf-Moon.' Yes, here I am, in a wilderness of weather-cocks, and a maze of wind-mills. The country is all ditch and dyke; the latter to keep the water out, and the former to keep the water in. The *ij* (in Dutch pronounced *eye*) wanders over an expanse of green, far as the edge of the horizon, in which the most elevated object is probably a gigantic cabbage: wind-mills and other flatulent vegetables, are as common as lamp-posts: the ditches take the place of fences: the stork builds in the roof; and the bull-frog, the Dutch model of unbreeched beauty, whistles his love-notes to the amorous tulip.

'You will probably want me to give you my impressions of England. Well then, I saw many of the old towns and castles. Oxford made the greatest impression upon me of all the rest. After the richness of Oxford, even London pales its ineffectual historic splendor. I saw Greenwich Hospital; the '*Leviathan*'; the Tunnel; Thames; and I saw—a BEADLE! CLARK, you never saw a beadle!—a real original BUMBLE! Something flamed forth from a middle-age church-porch in Warwick; it blazed down the street, a figure in trappings of scarlet, and I thought it was the W. of Babylon—of the Apocalypse. But no; it held a bell, and wore a cockéd hat; it approached me—stopped; raised the cockéd hat, and uttered these remarkable words, '*Werry fine mornin*,' Sir'—replaced the *chapeau*, and walked away, like HAMLET's father.

'I have seen Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Mechlin, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Delft, and the Hague. I have seen the tombs of ADDISON and BUTLER, of Admiral TROMP-

grow bright: 'but this erratic wanderer of the sky, whence came it, and for what end? The Infinite BEING who created it alone knoweth! It hath flamed upon the forehead of the evening and the morning sky, and now is momentarily rushing away from the great orb of day, into the vast realms of endless space! 'Whither, oh! whither?' Who shall answer? When they who are now living, and have looked upon that 'streaming courier of the skies,' are in their graves and out of them, in particles of dust, impalpable to human sight, it shall come again—again to speak the praise of its great CREATOR. What have we poor earth-worms to do, save to gaze in awe and wonder, and bow our heads in adoration? One night, after a long survey of this celestial visitor, overwhelmed with the contemplation of its wonders, we took up from the sanctum-table a work upon entomology, and read upon one of its pages these brief sentences: 'We are acquainted with animals possessing teeth, and organs of motion and digestion, which are wholly invisible to the naked eye. Other animals exist, which, if measurable, would be found many thousands of times smaller, which nevertheless, possess the same apparatus. These creatures, in the same manner as the larger animals, take nourishment, and are propagated by means of ova, which must, consequently, be again many hundreds of times smaller than their own bodies! It is only because our organs of vision are imperfect, that we do not perceive creatures a million times smaller than these.' 'Surely,' thought we, 'the hand of the ALMIGHTY is as sublimely visible in the least, as in the greatest of all His works!' - - - TRIFLES in knowledge, in the every-day affairs of life, are sometimes important: and little maxims, written from little minds, by little men, in a little room, on a little piece of paper, are often observable and noteworthy. Witness TUPPER, the myriad-minded, whose philosophy is proverbial:

'Who sees a pin, and lets it lay,
May want a pin another day.'

Nothing could be truer than this, if there were any degree in truth, which there is n't. Of this most useful maxim we have 'availed' from our youth up. Mr. CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, who is a philosopher, as well as the best portrait-painter living at this moment in Christendom, objects somewhat to this: having, as he conceives, a better way. 'If you want a pin,' said he, the other morning in the sanctum, 'look on your carpet, for it: you will always find one.' We did: and two 'shining ones' rewarded the hasty search: although our beautiful 'snuggery' had just been swept and garnished. Also, dear departed 'AUNT DOLLY' once said to us, when we were trying to look the sun out of countenance, to accomplish a sneeze, 'touch the nerve with the head of a pin.' We did it: such ecstasy! The diaphragm arose within us, collapsed, turned itself wrong-side out, and subsided to repose. Such are simple *maximous* hints, which are heedworthy. - - - THERE was an excellent column in *The Tribune's* daily journal, the other day, upon the *Literary Criticisms of the London Athenæum*. But was 'the game worth the candle?' We are informed, on the best authority, that 'at 'ome' that sheet has the least possible influence, by reason of the uniform unappreciative and *nil admirari* spirit which it manifests, especially toward all American works, which '*The Tribune*' condemns. Its circulation is very small: at the outside not more than twenty-five

hundred; and its weight with its readers (save *avoiirdupois*) is even less than its diffusion. Take the case of LONGFELLOW, for example: how do its adverse comments affect the literary reputation of that gentleman abroad? One would suppose, to give his works an increased sale in England; for not less than one hundred thousand copies, in editions costly and cheap, have been sold in Britain during the last year. The 'slashing style' of reviewing has gone out, especially with feeble pens, guided by ambitious but feeble minds. To us, it seems only amusing, to read the 'criticisms' of the *Athenæum* upon such writers as BRYANT, HALLECK, and LONGFELLOW. Even its stinted praise is accompanied by a *protestando*, and its confirmatory quotations are generally preceded by an adverse innuendo: reminding us somewhat of the eulogy bestowed by the pastor of a church upon one of his new deacons, in a conversation which he held with a neighboring pastor: 'Deacon B——,' said he, 'has but one fault in the world: he has a propensity to be a *little quarrelsome*, when he is *drunk*!' According to our ARISTARCHUS of the *Ass-inæum*, as BULWER named it, PRESCOTT, BANCROFT, and MOTLEY possess little more than 'laborious industry;' HOLMES has 'neither wit nor humor;' WASHINGTON IRVING 'lacks *geniality*;' (think of that!)—BRYANT is an 'imitative WORDSWORTH:' and LONGFELLOW '*has written one pretty line*,' in his last volume! '*A-bas!* such a 'critic' is not worth talking about. But while upon the subject of Mr. LONGFELLOW's last volume, which has met with such characteristically-unworthy treatment at the hands of the *Athenæum*, let us briefly express our sense of the merits of *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, which lends it its title, commencing with a clear *resumé* of the story:

'MILES STANDISH, the first captain of the New-England settlers at Plymouth, was a stalwart but somewhat stumpy man; terrible in war, but not framed for ruffling in the dove-cots. Being a widower, he shares his domicile in the rude shanties of the rising village with his bosom friend and *protégé*, JOHN ALDEN, a scholarly, quiet, graceful, and God-fearing young Puritan. To him the soldier dilates of his old campaigns in Flanders, not without a dash of self-conceit, shown particularly in his reiterated protest and counsel—that whoever wants any thing well done must do it himself. This is MILES's rule of life and of action, though it fails him at a critical pinch. He desires to replace his lost wife, and casts his eye upon a comely maiden, one PRISCILLA; yet, despite his favorite maxim, he commissions JOHN ALDEN to do his wooing for him. JOHN, himself a humble worshipper of the fair girl whom the blunt soldier thinks may be had for the asking, is grievously troubled by the commission. His conscientious scruples are however put down by the strong will of the matter-of-fact man of war, and off he goes on his errand. Its result is easily foreseen. PRISCILLA, whose quick eye has not failed to read the true state of JOHN's feelings, and who is amused by his perplexity, gives a decisive negative to the proposal for the rough captain's hand. Then the honest fellow pleads with self-sacrificing earnestness in behalf of his rejected friend, making bad worse by every word he utters, until the maiden finally discomfits and puts him to flight, by asking him archly why he does not speak for himself: thereupon a terrible conflict between Love and Friendship. Stung by self-reproach, he hurries off to MILES STANDISH, and blurts out unreservedly to him the tidings of his ill-success as a messenger, and the still more unwelcome truth that he himself is the accepted one. This is more than the choleric captain can stand. He blasphemes, and reproaches JOHN ALDEN with treachery; nor do we know how his indignation would have found vent, had not a threatened irruption of Indians called off the soldier to his fitting avocation, and made for the moment an end of him. But though thus rid of MILES STANDISH's reproaches, JOHN ALDEN's sensitive nature cannot reconcile him to his own position as the lover of PRISCILLA, though a deprecating look from her had sufficed to prevent his immediate return to England in the bark 'May Flower,' then about to sail. He cannot clear himself from the charge of having broken faith with his friend. Suddenly, however, come tidings that STANDISH has been killed in a fight with the Indians, and that the settlement is threatened by them. The imaginary obstacle thus removed, and a sense of imminent

danger drawing together these loving hearts, JOHN ALDEN claims PRISCILLA as his bride, and they are married after the old fashions of Holland. At the wedding, stalwart MILES reappears, not as a ghost or an avenger, but forgiving, congratulating, blessing: and so all ends well.

We fear that it will take a long time to 'inure' us to English imitations of Latin hexameters. LONGELLOW has well mastered the task of their composition, and his 'feet' go trippingly, with seldom a slip or mis-step. But the love of hexameters must come like the love of Spanish olives: some these delight: othersome regard them as 'sour green plums.' But the *form* of the poem aside: it is replete with the most exquisite natural images and comparisons; it contains a succession of descriptions which are as much beautiful *pictures* to the eye, as if they were upon canvas in color before the reader. Quiet humor there is, in quaintest garb, and touches of natural pathos, which take the heart captive: while the story itself is admirably and most dramatically told. Among the shorter poems which close the volume, is the subjoined, which is as excellent in the great lesson which it teaches, as in the grace and harmony of its execution. It is entitled '*The Ladder of St. Augustine*.'

'SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

'All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

'The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the treacherous wine,
And all occasions of excess:

'The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth:

'All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of
ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will:

'All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

'We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

'The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

'The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by path-ways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

'The heights by great men reached and
kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

'Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

'Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.'

In all respects, admirable. - - - A FRIEND has called our attention to the following paragraph in '*Ka Elele Hawaii*,' of Honolulu, Oahu, Sandwich Islands, under date of 'Okatoba 6.' The 'Buke' and 'Pepa' numerical designations are indistinct, from the wear and tear of the journal in coming so great a distance: but doubtless the sheet is of last year:

'E HOOKAA ia ka hookupu i hoakakaia maluna ae; penei, he hapaumi i ka hookomo ana i na holoholona iloko o ke kula, a he hapaumi i ka pau ana o na malama mua eono. Pela no i kela *Kakahikiikeia Makahiki*, e hookaa e ia ka hapalua o ia hookupu, a o ke koena i ka wa e pau ai ka hapalua mua o ko makahiki. Ina aole e kaa ka kekahi hookupu a pau na malama eono, e kau hou ia

ka hapawalu no kela dala aie keia dala aie a kaa. Aka, ina i hala na makahiki elua a kaa ole ka aie, e kuai ka luna o ke kula i kekahi bipi, lio, a hoki, a miula paha o ua mea aie la i mea e hookaa aku ai i kona aie, a e kukala ka luna i kona manao e kuai ia bipi, lio paha i hookahi malama mamua aku o ke kuai ana, i ike lea ia kona manao kuai no ia holoholona.'

Now this is an entire mistake. The paper referred to in the KNICKERBOCKER had no reference whatever to the 'threatened mandate' of the King of the Sandwich Islands: what our correspondent *did* say — and he was borne out in his remark by the facts which he cited — was, that 'when the Islands of the Sea should come under the dominion of the laws of Common Sense, and the eternal Principles of 'Ninety-eight, there would then be no farther need of submarine or trans-marine legislation.' What was *meant* by all this, we did not know then, and do not know now: but that these were the 'positions' of our correspondent, we *do* know. We respectfully request '*Ka Elele*' to retract its gratuitous animadversion. - - - We have been interested, and doubt not that our readers will be, in the annexed gossiping passage from the '*Way-side Records of a Yankee in Europe*. The main portion of the extract which we take from the manuscript, gives a more 'sketchy,' and therefore a more graphic description, of the literally 'last earthly-resting place' and familiar habits of VOLTAIRE, 'the keen wit and the brazen infidel,' than we have ever elsewhere met with:

'THE 'arrowy Rhone,' as it rushes under the paltry low wooden-bridge in the midst of the town of Geneva, is as blue as Mrs. M——'s washing-tub on Monday morning. I did not much enjoy a lounge in the 'Place Bel-air,' an amphibious, muddy, polygonal concern, with a ginger-bread town-house and dial-plate on one side, and some print-shops on the other. A glance down the street that skirts the city wall, satisfied us in *that* quarter. The esplanade and fortifications to which a morning-walk led us, appeared to my eyes to have immense strength: several moats, of fifty or sixty feet deep and wide, traversed by narrow temporary bridges, for the benefit of the Genevese promenaders, follow the zig-zag course of bastion and curtain. From this point should the town and lake be seen, to be viewed to the greatest advantage. The jumble of high-peaked tumble-down houses and ginger-bread steeples that constitute the city, lie on your left, upon a portion of the slope that from your feet sweeps down for half-a-mile in a gentle descent to the placid bosom of the lake. Before you, that much bepraised sheet of water, resembling a little our own lake of the same name, unrolls her silver surface. The sloping shore, studded with villas, (among which I recollect the houses of VOLTAIRE and CHATEAUBRIAND,) approach each other in bolder and bolder curves as they recede, and at last embracing, seem to enfold the lake from your sight; while high above, on the right, old Mont Blanc, rearing his hoary and eternal summits above the intermediate heights, appears to lord it with an unspeakable grandeur over the whole scene. The 'blue Rhone' is of so deep an azure, as it flows under the bridge at Geneva, as to seem almost turbid.

'We took a carriage to Ferney one day, the residence of VOLTAIRE. The road conducted us for some distance along the bank of the lake. An hour brought us to the sparse village which VOLTAIRE created. We remarked a chapel, with an inscription on the pediment, possibly the same which VOLTAIRE built, and

arrogantly inscribed, '*Deo crevit Voltaire.*' The chateau was but a tolerable country-house, surrounded with a considerable extent of tasteful and varied grounds. . . . A servant appeared to show us through the house. The house is now in possession of the same nobleman from whose ancestors VOLTAIRE purchased the place. The ante-room, containing the same high-backed carved gilt chairs, in which VOLTAIRE and his fellow-wits and doubters disported their hours of triumph, is sad and oppressive. His sleeping-room adjoining, contains the unpainted bedstead and mean bed on which he reposed, when he *could* repose — for 'on that bed he *last* did lie.' According to the custom of travelling fools, I laid me down on his bed; and but that the ravages of former tourists had reduced the curtains to the length of about a foot, I should have followed their example in carrying off a small piece by way of memorial.

'A portrait of Madame DE WARENS and of CATHERINE DE Russe is on either side of the bed. In the room is a paltry cenotaph, and on a board hanging, if I recollect, right across it is, '*Mon cœur est ici — mon es prit est partout.*' As we were conducted over the beautiful grounds, where, from an occasional terrace we enjoyed a fine view of the country, we were shown the walk which he frequented when under the influence of his muse. The attendant, who had been his servant, told us that he used to walk rapidly by fits, with his long cane in his hand, stopping at intervals to write: the head of his cane and the back of his hand serving for a desk. I of course gathered some of the leaves of the beech-trees which he had planted with his own hand. . . . At the gardener's lodge, we were shown his walking-cane: we put on his brocade gold-fringed night-cap, and seated ourselves in his arm-chair, without imbibing any of its old occupant's inspiration. VOLTAIRE had a habit of detaching the seals of the letters which he had received, and arranging them in a sort of album: he then wrote underneath each seal some brief expression, designating the character of the person to whom the seal belonged, as, 'You hypocrite: *'farceur,'* etc. This book was shown to us. The present proprietor of the chateau had erected in the grounds a splendid monument, with a long inscription to his memory. Some weak wretches had recently demolished the erection. The gardener gave me a printed copy of the inscription, which I am sorry to say I have mislaid.'

'When *found*, make a note of it.' - - - It is 'painful, truly painful,' to read such things as are written by our Lawrence (Mass.) correspondent, concerning a certain native Justice of the Peace, residing so near Boston, the nucleus of 'all the learning and all the talents,' so widely radiated in the region round about. Imagine the following scene: 'With an appearance indicating the realization of the importance of his position, Judge S — prepared himself with paper, pen, and ink, and 'opened the court.' With the examination and cross-examination of witnesses, and the pleas of the counsel, every thing seemed to pass off smoothly; save now and then, at the order of the Judge, they were compelled to wait for him to complete his minutes, or to ask the members of the bar how some word in the testimony should be spelled. Now came a moment of most intense interest. After a season of mutual satisfaction between the counsel and the spectators, it is not strange that, as the 'deciding moment drew near, the court-room should have been in almost breathless silence, for the case was an important one. I need not picture the scene farther. You no doubt have witnessed exciting trials in courts of justice, and

become almost unable to govern your feelings, as the sentence was about to be pronounced upon some criminal. With profound gravity the Judge arose, and with slow and solemn voice, turning to the counsel for the defendant, he said: 'Mr. H —, it is the opinion of this Court *that you are defaulted.*' As soon as Mr. H — recovered sufficiently, he arose, and answered: 'Judge S —, I was not aware but what I was *here*, and had *been* here throughout the trial.' Again another solemn silence: the Judge grew red in the face, and huge drops of perspiration oozed upon his forehead. Fortunately the counsel for the plaintiff bethought him to say: 'You meant to remark, Judge, that you decided the case *against* the defendant.' Life at once returned: 'Oh! yes, yes — yes, I meant — *that's* it: I decide *against* you, Mr. H —!' And he 'decided accordingly!' - - - You have seen such a man as this, reader, have you not? — a croaker, who never predicts any thing that is not evil, and who reverses POPE's idea, and always holds, that 'whatever is, is *wrong*?' You meet him some fine bracing autumn-morning, and salute him with: 'A charming morning this: such a glorious day is enough of itself to make a man in love with life.' 'Ya-e-e-s: pleasant enough *now*; but it's a weather-breeder, Sir — a reg'lar weather-breeder: we shall *pay* for this: now mind I tell you!' Three weeks after, you encounter him on a rainy day: 'Aha!' he exclaims; 'what did I *tell* you? It's on us *now*, and we shan't 'get shed of it' in a hurry: the regular equinoctial, and plenty after that!' And so with every thing: nothing but 'croak! croak!' like a crow, all the while. Whip us such uncomfortable 'fellow-citizens' — these 'JONESES,' whom CHARLES MACKAY so happily hits off in a little poem, of which we can only recall two verses, and perhaps these not correctly:

'I READ the sweet letter my love sent to me,
Inclosing a rose from a land o'er the sea;
I press to my fond lips a curl of her hair,
And own that she's loving, and good as she's fair;
When JONES, interrupting, says: 'Love's a mistake,
And women but play with men's hearts till they break.'
I answer, 'Why not? if they're bloodless as stones?
Get out of my sun-shine, detestable JONES!'

'My heart glows with hope for the welfare of man:
I pray for my fellows, and help when I can:
I see through the distance of ages to be,
The many, grown wiser, made happy and free,
When JONES, interrupting, says: 'Man is a knave;
And, if not a tyrant, a fool or a slave.'
I answer: 'There's kind human flesh on my bones —
Get out of my sun-shine, cadaverous JONES!'

As the song goes, 'so say all of us!' - - - The charming '*Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*' having finished *his* career in the pages of our contemporary, '*The Atlantic Monthly*,' the landlady of his boarding-house, of whom he has afforded so many amusing glimpses, has been imparting to an amanuensis her impressions of himself, and of the school-mistress with whom he 'took the long path,' at the close of his story. Passing by the 'rich-brush' picture of the 'Autocrat' as a boarder 'who paid regular,' and his 'manners and customs' at table and elsewhere, we cannot forbear to present a 'picture in little' of the 'school-ma'm,' which is alike homely, graphic, and in parts affecting:

'As to school-ma'am, I han't a word to say that an't favorable, and do n't harbor no unkind feelin' to her, and never knowed them that did. When she first come to board at my house, I had n't any idee she'd live long. She was all dressed in black; and her face looked so delicate, I expected before six months was over, to see a plate of glass over it, and a Bible and a bunch of flowers layin' on the lid of the — well, I do n't like to talk about it; for when she first come, and said her mother was dead, and she was alone in the world, except one sister out West, and unlocked her trunk and showed me her things, and took out her little purse and showed me her money, and said that was all the property she had in the world, but her courage and her education, and would I take her and keep her till she could get some scholars — I could n't say not one word, but jest went up to her and kissed her, and bu'st out a-cryin' so as I never cried *since I buried the last of my five children that lays in the buryin'-ground with their father, and a place for one more grown person betwixt him and the shortest of them five graves, where my baby is waitin' for its mother.*

'[The landlady stopped here, and shed a few still tears, such as poor women who have been wrung out almost dry by fierce griefs lose calmly, without sobs or hysteric convulsions, when they show the scar of a healed sorrow.]

' — The school-ma'am had jest been killin' herself for a year and a half with waitin' and tendin' and watchin' with that sick mother that was dead now and she was in mournin' for. *She* did n't say so, but I got the story out of her, and then I knowed why she looked so dreadful pale and poor. By-and-by she begun to get some scholars, and then she would come home sometimes so weak and faint, that I was afraid she would drop. One day I handed her a bottle of camphire to smell of, and she took a smell of it, and I thought she'd have fainted right away. Oh! says she, when she come to, I've breathed that smell for a whole year and more, and it kills me to breathe it again!

'The fust thing that ever I see pass between the gentleman inquiries is made about, and her, was on occasion of his makin' some very searchin' remarks about griefs, sech as loss of friends and so on. I see her fix her eye steady on him, and then she kind of trembled and turned white, and the next thing I knew was she was all of a heap on the floor. I remember he looked into her face then and seemed to be seized as if it was with a start or spasm-like — but I thought nothin' more of it, supposin' it was because he felt so bad at makin' her faint away.

'Some has asked me what kind of a young woman she was to look at. Well, folks differ as to what is likely and what is homely. I've seen them that was as pretty as picters in my eyes; cheeks jest as rosy as they could be, and hair all shiny and curly, and little mouths with lips as red as sealin'-wax; and yet one of my boarders, that had a great name for makin' marble figgers, would say such kind of good looks warn't of no account. I knowed a young lady once that a man drowneded himself because she would n't marry him, and she might have had her pick of a dozen, but I did n't call her any thing great in the way of looks. All I can say is, that, whether she was pretty or not, she looked like a young woman that knowed what was true, and that loved what was good, and she had about as clear an eye, and about as pleasant a smile as any man ought to want for every-day company. I've seen a good many young ladies that could talk faster than she could; but if you'd seen her or heerd her when our boardin'-house caught a-fire, or when there was any thing to be done be-

sides speech-makin', I guess you 'd like to have stood still and looked on, jest to see that young woman's way of goin' to work. Dark, rather than light; and slim, but strong in the arms—perhaps from liftin' that old mother about; for I've seen her heavin' one end of a big heavy chest round that I should n't have thought of touchin', and yet her hands was little and white. Dressed very plain, but neat, and wore her hair smooth. I used to wonder sometimes she did n't wear some kind of ornaments, bein' a likely young woman, and havin' her way to make in the world, and seein' my daughter wearin' jewelry, which sets her off so much, every day. She never would—nothin' but a breast-pin with her mother's hair in it, and sometimes one little black cross. That made me think she was a Roman Catholic, especially when she got a pieter of the Virgin MARY and hung it up in her room; so I asked her, and she shook her head and said these very words: that she never saw a church-door so narrow she could n't go in through it, nor so wide that all the CREATOR's goodness and glory could enter it; and then she dropped her eyes and went to work on a flannel petticoat she was makin', which I knowed, but she did n't tell me, was for a poor old woman.'

Is not this admirable? We should scarcely be surprised to learn that the 'AUTOCRAT' himself 'had a hand in it.' - - - KITES have 'gone out.' Our 'Leviathan,' like its great namesake in the Thames, is laid up, waiting for the 'spring-tides' of air. Fitfully blow the autumnal winds now, and dead leaves strew the hill-side walks. The 'Leviathan' would in these days take any one into the air who should essay to hold the guiding-rein: so he stands on end in the library adjoining the sanctum, until his time shall come. Meanwhile, little 'sleighs are in,' or soon will be; at the prospect whereof our little people do greatly rejoice: and truth to say, we with them. If there is any thing that will stir the blood, and renew the youth of us 'children of larger growth,' it is to see, in the first *feasible* snow that falls, the little boys and girls, those cordial communities who know neither 'sets' nor 'cliques'—with red cheeks and bright eyes, tumbling, rollicking, laughing, and shouting, and 'turning to mirth all things of earth, as only childhood can.' We once heard the late PHILIP HONE, at one of the annual festivals of our good Saint NICHOLAS, with an unstudied eloquence, and a grace which was as natural to him as the air he breathed, dwell for a few too short moments upon his reminiscences of early New-York: and we remember that he said, in substance: 'I have travelled, Sir, in foreign lands, since that period of Long Ago: I have beheld mountains which veiled their hoary heads in the clouds, and hills of rarest beauty; but, Sir, they all pale before the memory of the hill, to the top of which the boys of Old New-York used to draw their sleighs in winter, and glide like an arrow down its glassy sides. Let such of us as are Boys of Old New-York never forget '*Vlaätenbareek Hill!*'—and the speaker's eye dilated, and his voice was full and cheery, as he thus spake of the 'winter-memories of his boyhood.' The other day, when the painter was putting the finishing-touches to the new 'coat' which has been given to the cottage, we asked him if *he* were the Mr. BUCKHOUT, of whose skill in cleaning and restoring oil-paintings we had heard such frequent mention made? 'He had had great success in that line,' he said, modestly adding, that he 'had always, he believed, given entire

satisfaction to those who had intrusted their pictures to his care. His process was an original one, and it neither injured the colors or the canvas in the slightest degree.' 'One thing led on to another,' until mention happened to be made of *Children's Sleighs for Winter*, suggested by seeing our little Five-year-old extemporizing a sled from the sides of a superannuated cigar-box; when Mr. BUCKHOUT informed us, that in making and decorating sleighs for children, he could proudly say that he 'turned his back to no man:' that as winter approached, the demand for his work, for the city and Hudson-river towns, was greater than he could supply. From town, his sleighs find their way to all parts of the country; and specimens in this kind have twice received first premiums at the American Institute. He happened to be in the city at the time the Crystal Palace was burned, and succeeded in rescuing from the 'devouring element' (meaning fire) two of the most beautiful vehicles of the kind 'on view' in that graceful but now vanished structure. One of these is contracted for, for a good little boy we wot of, to rejoice Cedar-Hill this winter with many a joyful juvenile 'load.' Whoso desires a little sleigh, as strong as it is easy-going, of Mr. D. M. BUCKHOUT's manufacture, let him advise us, at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER. - - - CONNECTICUT is justly celebrated for the excellence of her schools: but we know of one little village within her borders, where the schoolmaster seems not to have been a prevalent institution. Sitting on the piazza of a hotel there, a few days ago, we watched the progress of a sign-painter plying his art over the portals of a neat little building opposite. As his first syllabic combination became apparent, our speculation ran high, as to the nature of the place, 'DIGNING:' it could form no part of the owner's name; neither could we bring to mind any art, science, or trade, having such an adjective appellation. Half-an-hour later, and the intent of the sign became apparent:

DIGNING SALOON
&
RESTURE AUNT.

Who'd have thought it, O Connecticut! - - - We shall 'name no parties,' nor violate any private confidence, in letting fall upon these pages a *Gleam from the Light of a Dutchman's Fire-Side*, in one of the old towns far away on the banks of the noble river now sweeping, in the broad, bright moon-light, to the sea, past the October-garnished heights which swell above the lowly mansion of 'Cedar-Hill Cottage.' The modesty of the writer (only equalled by the old-time hospitality, and the warm, genial spirit which prompts it, and which have made the ancient 'Family-Hostead' famous for so 'many a rolling year') might reluct at names and localities; so that in that regard we forbear—and begin. After allusion to our recent visit to the '*Battle-Grounds of Old Saratoga*,' our kind and courteous correspondent observes:

'I AM reminded, in the 'TABLE' of your September number, of a long-deferred intention of my own: namely, of writing to you, to request that you will not

again come so near this ancient, quiet, and fertile valley, where, according to our old friend, the 'veritable Historian,' the folk used to put stones on their houses, in windy weather, to prevent their blowing away, without coming 'just over the river,' and paying a visit to the old *Family-Hostead of the Knickerbackers*. For, my dear Sir, the hospitalities of a KNICKERBOCKER's mansion are ever open, especially to a KNICKERBOCKER's friends; and to no one could a more cordial welcome be offered, than to the old and genial Editor of the 'KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE:' and I trust that at some future time you may find it convenient with your arrangements to make your way northward again, and with the purpose of a quiet sojourn, amid the primitive scenes and primitive manners of this ancient neighborhood.

'I can promise you, that if you come, you may occupy the *'Haunted Chamber,'* and will warrant you against all harm; for the spirits which inhabit it are, I am very sure, good spirits — choice friends of CUPID and of HYMEN — as it is also known as the *'Bridal Chamber.'* And, if it were not for shocking your patriotism, I could offer you — for your sleeping arrangements — the bedstead which once belonged to that arch Tory, Sir JOHN JOHNSON: at any rate, you need not, if you choose, during your stay, sit in a chair less than one hundred years old: and if you have a passion for the antique, or the war-like, I could 'lend you the loan' of the sword which my great grand-father used (with how much execution I dare not say) during the Revolution.

'And I can show you the huge FAMILY BIBLE, with its great clasps, (never, I am quite sure, intended as a pocket-edition,) wherein is recorded, in legible *Low Dutch*, the genealogy of the KNICKERBACKERS, for — well, for at least an age or two before the laying of the *Sub-Atlantic Cable*. And then, I could lead you to the sepulchres, and point out to you the epitaphs of my ancestors for several generations. And I could conduct you to the stream, and to the identical spot, where licensed-mouthed Tradition relates, that a certain *'Dutch Domine'* of yore united within the mystical bonds of wedlock a fair damsel and her loving swain; they standing on the one shore, and the clergyman upon the opposite side of the river, during the interesting ceremony. And then, I could lead you to a tract of land, and could show you the deed which conveyed the same; it being a *'Warranted Transfer'* from the 'Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of Albany,' to one of my fore-fathers, the sole consideration of which conveyance was (and was it not truly a valuable consideration?) that my ancestor agreed to furnish said 'Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of Albany,' with sufficient meat, drink and lodgings for themselves and horses whenever they or any of them should choose to visit him at his house, and so long as they, or any of them, should choose to stay there.' Those, you will remember, were the good old days of hospitality.

'And I can promise you farther, that when you come, (if you be a smoker, as I am,) I can offer you a substantial *pipe* of the olden school; or, at your option, a modern cigar, and the other 'good goods,' the *et ceteras* of a Dutchman's fire-side. And yet, I may not promise you 'princely entertainment,' nor many of the luxuries of many others. For we are of a simple and a prudent race: and though my first ancestor who came to this country is said to have eloped hither with a nun, yet that, I suppose, might be considered as only a 'kink in the cable' of their otherwise proverbial prudence.'

This is a KNICKERBOCKER invitation 'after our own heart,' and shall be ac-

cepted *with* it, 'when time and chance shall serve.' Where there is a *will*, there will be found a *way*. - - - It is remarked by some one, some one unknown to us by name, but a sensible and plain-spoken man, whoever he is, that *Woman in the Middle Ranks of Society* is in her true glory: not a doll, to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet, to be flattered by absurd adoration; revered to-day and discarded to-morrow, and always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or contempt: admired but not respected, and desired perhaps, but not esteemed: compare such an one with a *Wife* who partakes of the cares and cheers the anxieties of her husband; who divides his toils by her domestic intelligence, and spreads cheerfulness around her; for his sake sharing the reasonable refinements of the world, without being vain of them. Now this, as we have intimated, is well and truly said: and it reminds of a few very clever lines which a western lady-correspondent, in a kindly-courteous note, now lying before us, has desired us to 'circulate' in the Table. With moderate crinolines, therefore, and no other redundancy save that which Nature gives, ladies and gentlemen, '*The Girl with the Calico Dress*' will have the honor of appearing before you:

'A FIG for your 'fashionable girls,'
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces:
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me, in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

'She is as plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press;
And her eye is as soft and as bright —
My girl with the calico dress.

'Your dandies and foplings may sneer
At her simple and modest attire;
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire.
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze and caress;
She is saving all these for her spouse —
My girl with the calico dress.

'She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother:
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven, and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife —
My girl with the calico dress.'

Pass this good 'Girl' around. - - - 'Why could n't they,' asked a 'scientific explorer,' of the *Flâneur* school, as he stood by a switch-man, on a long and very straight rail-road track, 'down east' the other day, discussing the 'Atlantic Cable,' 'why could n't they make a telegraph-line of rail-road rails? It's continuous, and it's conductive, an't it?' 'Why, sartin,' was the reply: 'it's

been done — done frequent, by natural lightnin'. BILL FINCH, up at HANK's station, in a thunder-storm, last week, switched off a streak o' lightnin' that he see a-comin', and run the thing into the ground : 's a *fact* — ask BILL!'

—
 'My window opens toward the autumn woods :
 I see the ghosts of thistles walk the air
 O'er the long, level stubble-land that broods
 Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting lie :
 Summer has gathered her white family
 Of shrinking daisies — all the hills are bare :
 And in the meadows not a limb of buds
 Through the brown bushes showeth any where.'

THUS sings ALICE CAREY : but if she means to say that the flowers are all gone, and bouquet-matériel fled, we think we could prove to her, could she but step for a moment into the sanctum, that she is some-dele mistaken. Not during the entire summer, when multitudinous flowers 'appeared upon the earth,' and might be had for the plucking, did such a brilliant bouquet swing like an incense-breathing censer above our table, as now illuminates the sanctum with its autumnal glories. Vari-colored artemesias, polished dogwood-berries, of a brighter red than any Chinese vermilion that was ever seen ; rich clusters of opened 'bitter-sweet,' with its trailing bulbs of deep orange and brightest crimson ; shining wax-berries, whiter than the whitest lily that ever opened its fair bosom to the summer air ; tender cedar-sprays, (at almost arm's-reach from the sanctum windows,) 'thickly set with pale blue berries ;' hair-fine mountain-pine twigs, green as a leek, without its odor ; two or three light maroon tuft-cones of the sumach, with its long attendant leaves, tinged with all bright hues, 'most beautiful to see : ' match us such a bouquet as this, with all the wealth of summer-flowers ! It cannot be done — for have n't we tried it ? Moreover, it was *our* work : '*alone* we did it,' having long since made up our mind that we have slight occasion to 'turn our back to any man or woman' in making a tasteful bouquet. - - - 'A DUCAT to a beggarly denier,' that '*Hans Breitmann's Barty*' is from the choice hand of our old correspondent, 'MACE SLOPER.' It 'smacks of him' very much :

'HANS BREITMANN gife a barty — dey had biano blayin — I felld in lofe mit a Merican frau. Her name vas MADILDA YANE. She hat haar as proun as a pretzel bun ; de eyes were himmel blue ; and ven she looket into mine, dey shplit mine heart in two.

'HANS BREITMANN gife a barty : I vent dar you'll pe pound. I valzet mit der MADILDA YANE — und vent shpiinnen round und round. De pootiest freilein in de house — she vayed pout doo hoondert pound.

'HANS BREITMANN gif a barty — I dells you, it cost him dear. Dey rollt in more as seven kecks of foost rate Lager Bier — und venefer dey knocks de shpieket in, de Deutschers gifes a cheer. I dinks dat so vine a barty nefer coom to a het dis year.

'HANS BREITMANN gife a barty. Dar all vas souse and brouse. Ven de sooper come in, de gompany did make demselves to house. Dey ate das Brot und Gensybroost, die Bratwoorst and Braten fine, and wash das Abendessen down mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

'HANS BREITMANN gife a barty: ve all eot troonk as bigs: I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier und schwallowed it oop mit a schwigs — und denn I kissed MADILDA YANE, und she schlap me on de kop, und de goompany fought mit taple lecks dill de coonstaple made oos schtop.

'HANS BREITMANN gife a barty: where is dat barty now? Where is de lofely goltten cloudt dat float on der moundain's prow? Where is de himmelstrahlende stern — de sehtar of de spirit's light — all gone'd afay mit de Lager Bier — afay in der Evigkeit.'

The 'internal evidence' here is very strong. In its kind, it is quite as good as the mingled Dutch-English of the travesty:

'De sun vash gone town shust pehint de plue mountains,
Und left de tark night to come on us again,
Ven I shtumpled along, mit de shwamps und de fountains,
Shust to see vonce my GATT vot livesh on de blain.'

with other stanzas, of a kindred sort. - - - THE editor of the '*Cumberland Telegraph*' dropped in upon us at the SANCTUM by paper-proxy the other morning, and mentioned to us, in the course of an animated conversation, the following extraordinary circumstance: 'For several years,' said he, 'a MOUSE has made his home in my printing-office. He has become very familiar with all hands, and in broad day-light he can be seen playing around the feet of the compositors, or dancing about the cases, seemingly as little apprehensive of danger as if snugly safe in his nest. The paste-cup is his delight; but he never objects to a bit of cake or fruit, with which his admirers occasionally supply him. He is a most remarkable little animal. A piece of cake puts him in high glee, and when he has devoured it, he gets in a corner and sings like a canary bird, his notes being sweet and melodious. Sometimes he will sing for an hour without intermission. He is a general favorite; does what he pleases with impunity; and is regarded as a sort of fixture in the office.' Our contemporary added, that the said MOUSE was so tame that he would suffer his person to be handled, without any the least show of fear. We said to him, (the EDITOR, not the MOUSE,) 'That is, as you observe, a most extraordinary circumstance: and if you had not *seen* it, you would not have believed it?' He replied immediately, with great frankness, that he would not. The following observation, made by 'ourselves,' finished the conversation 'under notice:' 'Jus' so: we have never *seen* the mouse in question.' The editor was *dumfounded*, and wist not what to say. - - - WHEN 'OLLAPOD' was editing his *Philadelphia Daily Gazette*, we remember his remarking, at the end of a heated political contest, that he was tired of running over the tables of majorities, which kept coming in. As if by a sort of understanding, or conspiracy, he said, among his contemporaries, uniform tables had been prepared: his brother-editors had all become MANTILINIS; and 'Dem.,' 'Dem.,' 'Dem.,' was the only party word they could utter in the 'majority'-column. Now it was an odd thing which brought this little circumstance to mind. We saw a country 'store'-keeper, day before yesterday, looking at a bank-note list, which he had not as yet learned properly to consult. Unknowingly, he was deep in the 'counterfeit' department, and took the abbreviated descriptions of the *face* of the bills as pronunciamientos of their solvency: and he read, partly

to himself in this wise: 'Farmers' Bank of S — Co., Pa.: vig.' (be vigilant to detect) — 'BUST: 'that won't do: 'Union Bank of —: 'BUST: 'same kind: 'and so he went on, discarding 'from the word,' alike 'busts' of WASHINGTON, of 'females,' and of SILAS WRIGHT! He was reversing the style of people, who use 'burst' for *bust*. - - - IF GOLDSMITH himself were living, it seems to us that he could scarcely have sent forth from his pen a more characteristic and beautiful passage than the subjoined. We hope some one of our readers may be able to tell us who wrote it. It *sounds* like Dr. CHANNING, somewhat, but we cannot find it in such of his writings as are contained in our imperfect library: 'For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of the poor heart that has sighed and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within; health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone; I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness, that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-being with HIM from whose hands it came.' A sentiment to be well-remembered. - - - A KINDLY correspondent, from the city of New-Orleans, in a note received yesterday, says: 'I hope you may not act upon a suggestion which we have *inferred* that you 'threw out' in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER: to the effect, namely, that feeling like a boy 'was a kind of weakness which you supposed would always hang around you; a weakness which you could not help.' I venture to assert, that I speak for nine in ten of your readers, when I say, that I hope you may not *try* to 'help it.' If there be one thing more than another, that endears the KNICKERBOCKER to its readers, it is that very *youngness*, of which you speak, with, as it seems to me, a kind of self-disparagement. It has kept pace with '*the times*,' of which (and I say it in no spirit of flattery) it is a constant and continual epitome: and while *you* do not grow old in its pages, its *pages* will know no senility.' Most kindly said: be it ours, then, to remember, and remembering, to 'act accordingly.' On this very hint, we had intended to speak, even now, in a full page of 'Gossipry,' which would embrace much of reminiscence, and be at least heart-felt and truthful, if nothing more. But 'some other time,' *Deo volente*, we shall recur to it. - - - Our readers have heard of the accomplished Gothamite 'merchant,' who said to his partner, as he was sprinkling sand upon the superscription of a business-letter which he had just addressed: 'How do you spell Feladelpy?' 'F-e-l, *Fel*, a-d-e-l, *Feladel*, f-y, *Feldadelfy*,' was the response. 'Good! — then I've got it *right*!' was the self-satisfied rejoinder: 'I thought p'raps I'd made a mistake!' We were reminded of this the other night, by the following incident, which, we are *more* than '*credibly* informed,' happened in a little village not twenty miles removed

from the spot where these sentences 'attain to type.' A man steps into a 'corner grocery,' of the description known as 'green,' and asks of one of the two 'proprietors' present: 'Have you any *onions*?' 'No, Sir,' replies one of them. 'Yes' — hesitatingly suggests the other: 'Yes — we have n't got any.' 'Are you quite *sure*?' asked the would-be purchaser. 'Haint got none!' was the last reply vouchsafed him: and he pretermitted himself. When he had stepped up the street, the first partner said to the head-clerk, 'Jim, call him back: p'raps he wanted some *Ingins*!' - - - Not a very long time after these pages shall have found their way 'deōwn-east,' even to the forests of Aroostook — so named because the wood-choppers, in the thick and silent wilderness thereaway, roost at night on the trees — '*The Penobscot Woodmen*' will be busily at work amidst the mighty snows of their forest-region. 'A BANGORIAN' tells us, in a piece of verse somewhat too much extended, what manner of people they are of. He 'shall be heard,' however, even if we *are* obliged, as the stump-speakers say at the South, to 'call *'Time*' on him:'

'THE woodsman of Penobscot is
A man of hardihood:
His sinews are like oaken thongs,
Like bullock's blood his blood:
Two brawny arms swing at his side,
Eke hands of bone and gristle;
Old SAMPSON'S hair his head adorns —
His chin a beard of thistle.

'Over his brow protrudes a roof
Of brown felt, or tarpaulin;
Three blood-red shirts, with buttons decked,
His mighty stomach wall in,
Then hypogastrium, ribs and thighs,
Warm lions' skins environ;
Encased his low extremities
In bullock's hide and iron.

'This giant Man meets giant Pine,
And giant blows descend;
And ere the shades of night-fall come,
The forest giants bend:
Such is the man to whom we are
Indebted for our houses;
And when he comes to town, he'd 'swap'
His red shirts and his trowse's.'

A good 'crayon drawing.' - - - ONE of the features of the two ensuing volumes of this periodical, and one which we hope to make an attractive one, will be a *History of the Knickerbocker Magazine*, from its commencement to the present time. This history will involve not only the *facts* which relate to the origin and progress of the work until now, but will contain correlative *Reminiscences of the Sanctum and of our Correspondents*, which a good memory, and still better *remembrancers*, have preserved as fresh as if they were of yesterday, for nearly a quarter of a century. The *heart*, the dearest *recollections*, of the EDITOR, are in this thing: and his chief hope, in relation thereto, is, that he may be enabled to carry out deftly what he conceives to be a well-matured design. - - - REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who says many a good thing, in his own way of saying it, never spoke a better one than is contained in this sentence: 'A vast deal of genial humor is conscien-

tiously strangled in religious people, which might illuminate and warm the way of life. Wit and innocent gayety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house; dispersing chills, and drying up mould, and making every thing wholesome and cheerful.' - - - 'MR. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.,' (the fourth edition of whose recent volume, his publishers, Messrs. RUDD AND CARLTON, have just sent to press,) encouraged by the favor of the public, has offered seven-dollars-and-a-half each, for 'disertashuns onto the four follerin' Subjeks of Discushion:'

1. 'Is Dancin' morrallee Rong?'
2. 'Is the readin' of Fictishus Werces commendable?'
3. 'Is it necessary that femails shood reseev thurro educashun?'
4. 'Ort femails to taik parts into Pollytix?'

Pregnant questions, these. - - - WE do *not* know 'Judge B —,' let us say to our 'Elm City' correspondent: 'but an' if we *did*, we should be apt to tender him a piece of advice, which we hope may be inferred, without farther comment: 'Do you know Judge B —? He is one of our most affable and talented lawyers, and a great wag withal. His son 'SAM' is a graceless wight, witty as his sire, and like him, fond of all kinds of palatable 'fluid.' The JUDGE and SAM were on a visit to Niagara. Each was anxious to have a 'nip;' but (one for the example, the other in dread of hurting the 'old man's feelings) equally unwilling to drink in the presence of the other. 'SAM,' said the JUDGE, 'I'll take a short walk — be back shortly.' 'All right,' replied 'SAM;' and after seeing 'his Honor' safely round the corner, he walked out quietly, and ordered, at a near bar-room, a 'julep.' While *in concocto*, the JUDGE entered, and (SAM being just then back of a newspaper, and consequently viewing, though viewless) ordered a 'julep.' The second was compounded, and the JUDGE was just adjusting his tube for a cooling draught, when 'SAM' stepped up, and taking up his glass, requested the bar-tender to take his pay for both, from a bill the 'Governor' had just handed out to him! The JUDGE's surprise was only equalled by his admiration of his son's coolness: and he exclaimed, 'SAM! SAM! — you need no julep to cool *you*!' The probability is, that he *did n't*! - - - WISDOM is not likely to die with all Scotchmen, 'canny' as they are admitted to be in general, if we are to believe a story in an English journal to this effect: 'A Fifeshire man brings his child to the minister to be baptized, who asks him, 'Are you prepared for so important, so solemn an occasion?' 'Prepared?' he echoes, with some indignation: 'I hae a firlo' o' bannocks bakin', twa bacon hams, a gude fat kebbuck, an' a gallon o' the best Hielan' whusky; an' I wad just like to ken what better preparation ye could expeck frae a man in my condition o' life!' He meant 'the christening' at home. A kindred mistake is made by another peasant, who hearing 'PRINCE ALBERT' prayed for in the service, fancies a small steam-boat of that name as the object intended: and on coming out of church, is greatly incensed, that the minister should 'make sic a sang about a bit cockle-shell o' a thing they ca' 'Prince Albert,' a craft nae muckle bigger than a common wherry, that carries a wheen coals, and a sma' steam-kettle in its belly!'